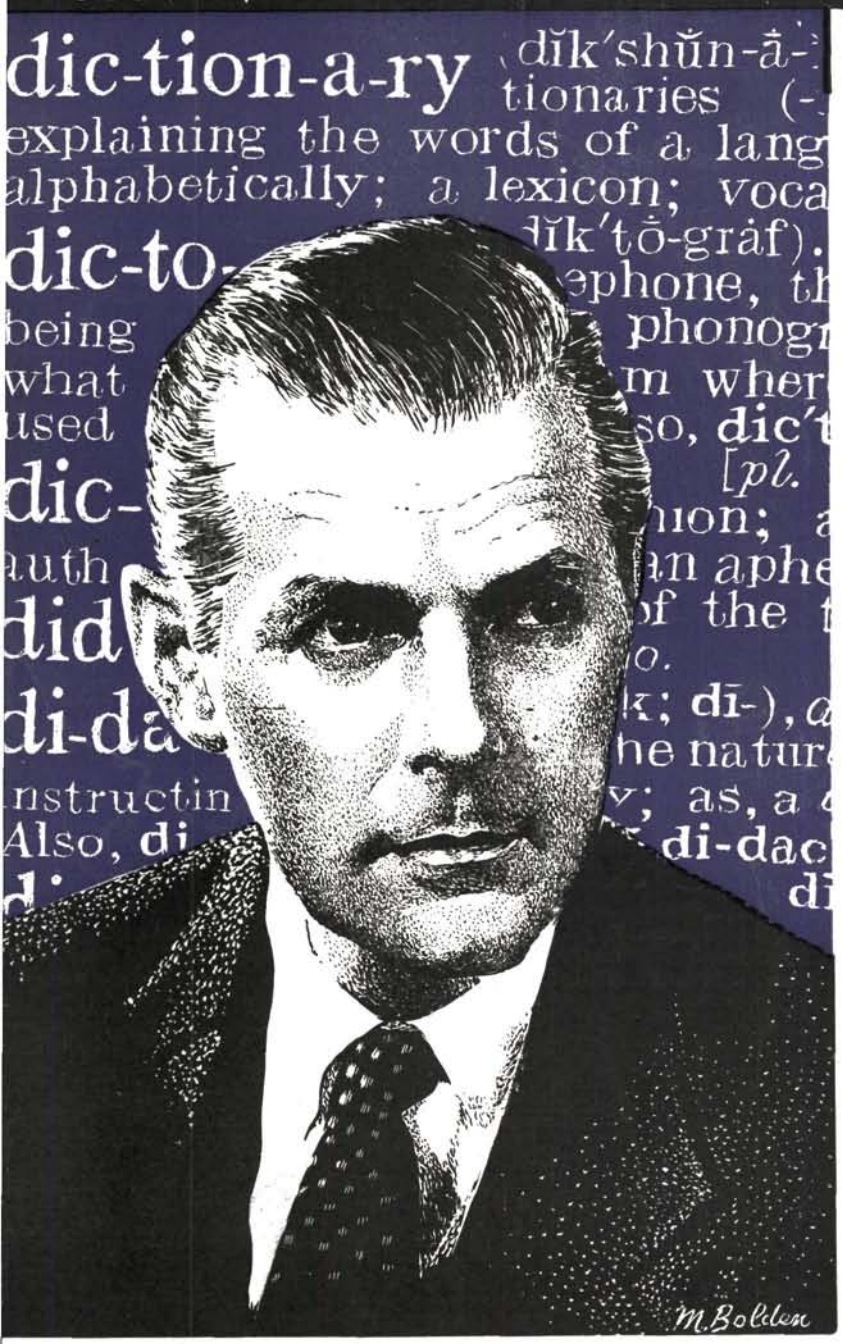
Saturday Review

AUGUST 2, 1952 TWENTY CENTS



Thomas Pyles, author of "Words and Ways of American English." (See page 8)

EUROPE IN THE FALL

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James Thrall Soby

Round-up of Garden Books
Carol H. Woodward

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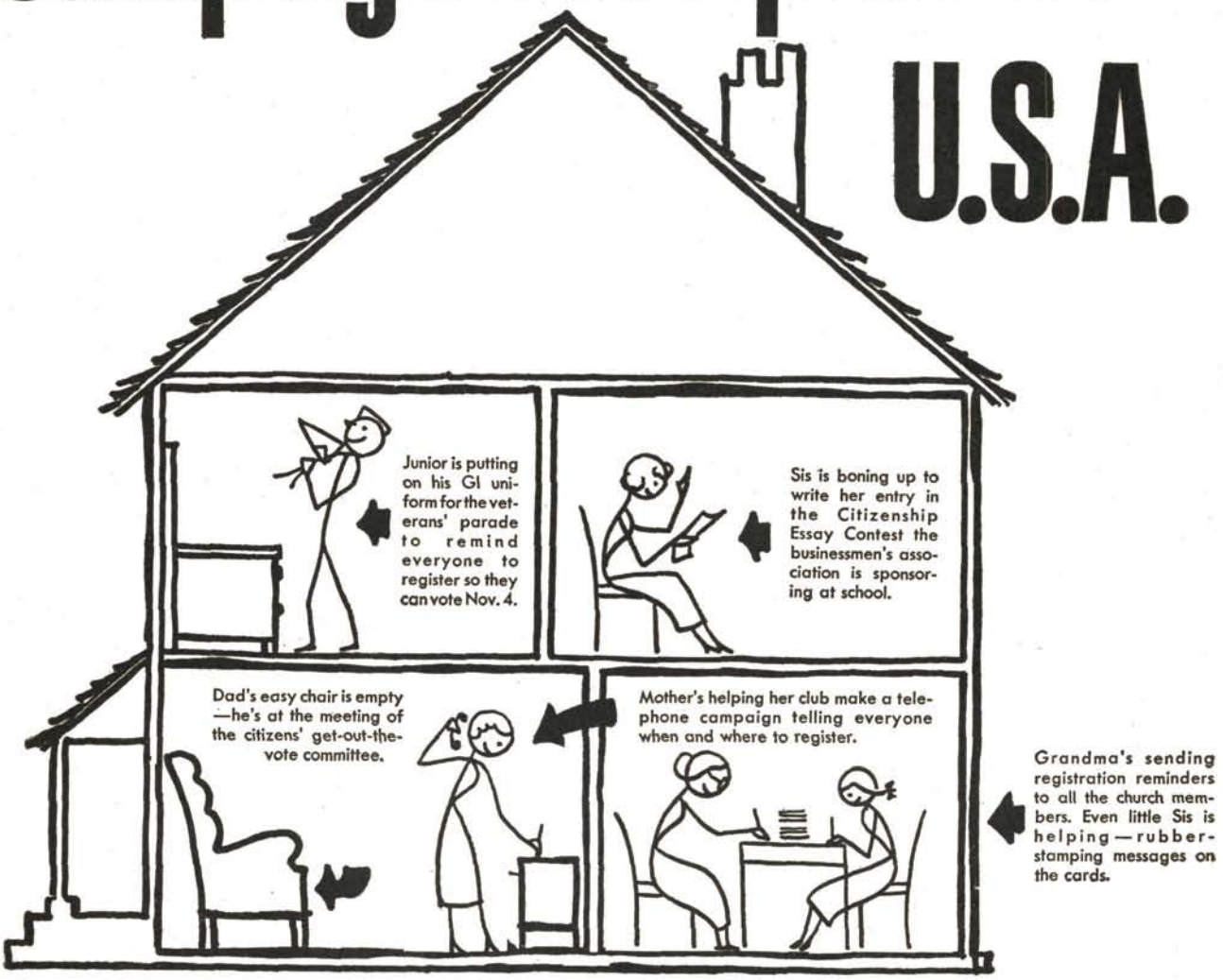
Junior is putting on his GI uniform for the veterans' parade to remind everyone to register so they can vote Nov. 4.
Sis is boning up to write her entry in the Citizenship Essay Contest the businessmen's association is sponsoring at school.
Dad's easy chair is empty—he's at the meeting of the citizens' get-out-the-vote committee.
Mother's helping her club make a telephone campaign telling everyone when and where to register.
Grandma's sending registration reminders to all the church members. Even little Sis is helping—rubber-stamping messages on the cards.

The Family Vote will elect the Next President

NOT THE FARM VOTE...
THE BIG-CITY VOTE...
THE LABOR VOTE...
OR ANY PARTY VOTE...

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YOU know you're going to vote your own sweet way when you get behind that voting booth curtain—that where you live or work hasn't got a blankety-bloc thing to do with how you'll vote. You'll vote for what you believe to be in the best interests of your family—your kids—and your kids' kids.

So YOU know that this year—as always—it will be the FAMILY vote that really decides things. And families are working as never before to make sure every American votes. Right now in millions of American families, everyone from Little Sis to Grandma is pitching in to remind every eligible American to register to make sure of the opportunity to vote. And then they'll tackle the job of getting out the vote of every member of America's 44,000,000 families. They're the biggest "bloc" in America—they ARE America!

If your family is already working at the job—congratulations! If you aren't, talk it over at supper tonight, and pitch in tomorrow.

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The Saturday Review

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Notes on New Fiction

• • •

SUNDAY, MONDAY and ALWAYS

by Dawn Powell

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N.Y. Herald Tribune

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•

THE VILLAGE

by Marghanita Laski

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N.Y. Times

$3.00

•

ANOTHER KIND

by Anthony West

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Saturday Review

$3.50

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TRADE Winds

THE LITERARY SCENE

• • In Washington, Rear Admiral Luis de Florez, who played a leading role in the building of the new Doubleday plant in Hanover, Pa., obtained Patent Number 2,600,215 for an improved method of manufacturing books. The admiral says he now can provide all the printed matter required for an ordinary book of not more than 400 pages by a single impression from type on endless belts. He also says the device will save publishers the heavy storage charges on book plates incurred under present methods. The admiral was kind enough to try explaining some of his technical ideas to me in person one afternoon, but unfortunately he was already relaxing in the shower before I had even reached first base.

• • In London, Peter Windsor encountered a man who had read a Charlotte Brontë novel eight times—obviously the perfect octo-Jane-Eyreian.

• • In Emory University, Georgia, Harvey Young noted ads for "Gods, Graves, and Scholars" and "Blood, Oil, and Sand" side by side and fell to musing about other triple-play titles of recent years. There were Churchill's "Blood, Sweat, and Tears," of course, Clark's "Pills, Petticoats, and Plows," Haggard's "Devils, Drugs, and Doctors," Zinsser's "Rats, Lice, and History," Saint-Exupéry's "Wind, Sand, and Stars," and Hooton's "Apes, Men, and Morons." Dr. Young's favorite title, he thinks, is Irwin Edman's "Adam, the Baby, and the Man from Mars." Do any other choice triangles come to your mind?

• • In Starkey, New York, the Jemima Wilkinson Antique Shop serves as a reminder of one of the most fervent of the exhorters who whipped the Northwestern section of the state into a religious frenzy a century ago. Of old Jemima who called herself the "Publick Universal Friend," Carl Carmer tells in "Listen for a Lonesome Drum" how she put to rout skeptics who doubted her power to walk on water. A throng arrived to watch her perform. "I cannot do this thing unless ye have faith that I can," boomed Jemima. "Have ye that faith?" Nobody wanted the show to stop so there was a unanimous cry, "We have faith." "Good," declared Jemima. "Since ye all believe I can do this, no further evidence is needed," and she climbed back into her coach and drove away.

• • In Manhattan, the American Book Publishers Council named Douglas Black, of Doubleday, as its new president, Donald Klopfer, of Random House, vice president, and A. C. Edwards, of Holt, treasurer. The new prexy of the American Booksellers Association is Marion Bacon, longtime and able head of the Vassar Coop in Poughkeepsie.

• • In the English medical journal, the *Lancet,* a *Tide* editor came across this choice tidbit: "To perform a certain 'emergency operation' the operator should lie in the Trendelenburg position, use an E.N.T. surgeon's headlamp and the blade of any handy kitchen knife. Said blade must be maneuvered like a leucotomy knife. The impulse to reach for a lithotrite or eraniolast must be sternly resisted. A small magnet can be safely used to remove small ferruginous bodies which so often precipitate an acute retention." If you're still reading this item, here's a further tip. Perform the "emergency operation" exactly as outlined, and you too may succeed in sneaking as many coins as you wish out of your kid's piggy bank.

• • At Columbia University, the committee in charge of its 200th anniversary, announces a "Pictorial History of New York" as its chêf d'oeuvre. Plans call for a large single volume of some 500 pages with over 1000 illustrations, recording the story of New York from the time Manhattan Island was bought for twenty-four dollars until the day a citizen thereof was fined three times that sum for failing to have an auto use tax stamp posted on his windshield. Doubleday will publish the "Pictorial History" for the Committee in October 1953.

• • In Chicago, Edward T. Prosser, of Hicks and Price, pointed out, "The Gettysburg address took 266 words; the Ten Commandments 297; the Declaration of Independence, 300. When the O.P.S. issued a recent order to reduce the price of cabbage, it took 26,911 words." Some novelists should take notice.

• • In London, the "Behind the Lines" column in the *Bookseller Magazine* reports that a senior novelist leaned back on the club mantelpiece and announced pontifically, "My new novel's rather good. I'd like to regard it as my swansong." An irreverent junior murmured, "No doubt my dear chap. But I so much prefer your cygneture tunes."

• • In Tinicum, Pennsylvania, Jim Michener of "South Pacific" fame received two contradictory letters in the same mail. Said one: "My memory of Tahiti is much different from what you report in your books. I went down there expecting to be greeted on landing by beautiful smiling damsels almost nude. Alas, the missionaries beat me to it. All I really saw was an extensive array of Mother Hubbards. I would have done better to stay home and drop in at a San Francisco bur-

lesque show." Said the other: "Why not escape from the pressure of life in America and come down to live with me? I'm the only U. S. citizen on my island. Have been for the past sixteen years. Tehea is my wife and we have two sons. We pick coffee during the season, raise what vegetables we eat, fish in the lagoon, and live close to nature. No fear, no hate, no revenge, no radio, no taxes. Mr. Michener, that spells PEACE."

• • In Washington, Scoop Wilkinson, editor of the *Phi Gamma Delta Magazine,* has discovered the occupational disease of gossip columnists: eavesdropsy.

• • In his engrossing memoirs, "So It Seemed," Bill Chenery, the man who edited *Collier's* in its palmiest days, tells about a series of highly controversial pieces that Franklin D. Roosevelt contributed in 1941. "This was one of the very few times in history when a President in office wrote for publication in a magazine," notes

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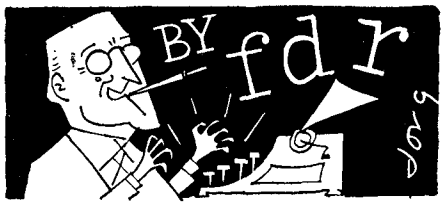
Mr. Chenery, "and he felt that he should receive at least as big a fee as *Collier's* had paid Calvin Coolidge under similar circumstances." Any-



body who knew Cal Coolidge's bargaining powers doesn't have to be told that this was a round, fat sum. When FDR had finished negotiations, moreover, he also had a secret deal to become a contributing editor of *Collier's* at $75,000 per annum for three years after he left the Presidency. "As the years rolled on," concludes Mr. Chenery wryly, "it became increasingly apparent that we never would be offered Mr. Roosevelt's services."

• • In Oxford, Mississippi, William Faulkner received a communication from another native of the state that could scarcely be called a fan letter. "After stating his opinion of a Mississippian who could debase and defile his native state and people as I have done," admitted Mr. Faulkner, "he said he not only didn't believe I could write, he didn't believe I knew anything about farming, either. I answered that it wasn't *me* who made the claims about my degree as a writer, and so I would agree with him on both of them." There are two distinguished critics in the metropolitan area who feel even stronger about William Faulkner's literary failings than his fellow statesman; they've flailed away at every book he's written for years. And my, how they've retarded his career!

• • In London, I am informed by Publisher Flower, a resolution demanding a reduction of the Government sales tax on long woolen underwear was introduced in the House of Commons. Its sponsors were Laborites Ian and R. E. Winterbottom.

• • In Wilkes-Barre, James Anspacher bought a quarter paper-back book labeled, "An original novel: not a reprint." After reading it, he thinks the slogan should be changed to "An original reprint: not a novel."

• • From Atlanta, via Charles Whitehouse's Mail Agency, comes a delectable new shaggy-dog story. Seems an old prospector was reminiscing for an Eastern collector of folklore. "There I was," he asserted, "trapped in a narrow canyon, with a big grizzly twenty yards away behind a tree. Only way I could hit the critter was to ricochet a bullet off the high canyon wall on my right. Well, I'm a champion shot, as you probably know. I just gauged my windage, calculated the lead of the barrel and the rate of twist, the hardness of the bullet and the angle of yaw it would have after being smacked out of shape against the canyon wall, and I judged my chances of nailing that bear were about 80-20. A one-rail bank shot. A controlled ricochet. So I took aim and fired."

The prospector paused. The Easterner asked softly, "Did you hit him?"

"Nope," answered the old man. "I missed the wall."

—Bennett Cerf.

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ALFRED A. KNOPF, *Publisher*

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The Saturday Review

AUGUST 2, 1952

Alternatives to Disaster

H. A. OVERSTREET

H. A. Overstreet

MANY years ago Anne O'Hare McCormick, of *The New York Times,* paid visits to Mussolini, Hitler, and Roosevelt. She asked each one of them, in effect, how it was that he seemed able to rise to the special needs of his time and people. Mussolini characteristically puffed out his chest: "I *came*!" When she asked the question of Adolf Hitler, he turned on his "mystical" look: "I *was sent*!" When she asked Roosevelt, he laughed: "Well, *somebody* had to do it."

Today the two contrasted visions of man revealed in that story still compete for supremacy: the vision of *man made safe within a Plan;* and the vision of *man made able to evolve plans.* The competition between these two has become sharp and bitter. As our temperaments, interests, and knowledge dictate we align ourselves with the one or the other.

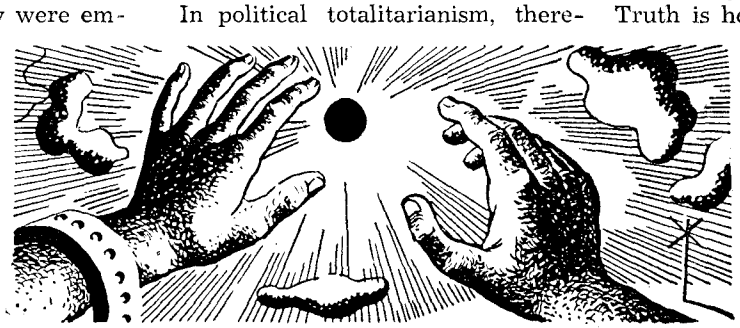
On the political plane, these two visions are embodied in the competing systems of totalitarianism and democracy. Yesterday they were embodied in a number of similar competing systems. In religion, for example, they were expressed in the contrasted systems of priestly and prophetic religion — the one with its finality and completeness of creed, ritual, and plan of salvation, into which the individual worshiper (priest or lay person) fitted snugly and securely; the other with its unpredictability of discovery and renovating insight.

All through man's history, there has been a competition between the safe and the adventurous; the fully formed and the to-be-formed; between the "pattern set for all men" and the glimmer of a gleam for men to follow.

From an emotional standpoint, the competition has been between arrogance and humility. The mind that pronounces authoritative truth, if it runs true to form, has no doubts of its ability to grasp truth in its finality. On the other hand, the mind that keeps the pathways of truth open is humble before possibilities not yet disclosed. "Truth," wrote Radhakrishnan, in this spirit of humility, "is always greater than man's reach; there is more in God than we know."

Political totalitarianism comes with Plan in hand. To its own passionate belief, it has "the way, the truth, and the life." In fact, it announces to the world it has the sole way of human salvation. All other ways are "of the Devil"—capitalism, liberalism, democracy. With a complete assurance of rightness, it calls for an utter surrender and obedience.

In political totalitarianism, therefore, as in religions, the primary virtue is orthodoxy: repeating the authorized words; genuflecting before the authorized heroes; reviling the authorized enemies; doing the authorized will of Party or Leader; avoiding unauthorized thoughts and actions. Political totalitarianism, in short, comes with its list of prohibited "sins" and prescribed "virtues"; and in the name of its total truth demands a total surrender and obedience.



OTHERWISE excommunication. In political totalitarianism, this means liquidation. The deviating heretic is wiped out, expunged, annihilated. Only the true believer has the right to exist. In political totalitarianism, in short, there is no recognition of the "inalienable" right to life, much less to liberty and happiness. The right to life exists only where there is obedience to the prescribed doctrine and authority. Liberty, within strict limits, and happiness, are likewise permitted only where there is obedience to doctrine and authority.

Totalitarianism, in short, whether religious or political (or educational, artistic, or economic, for that matter) has no faith in the power of ordinary men and women to evolve truths by which they can live. It has *the Truth.* Truth is holy; and only the superior mind can grasp its whole.

The totalitarian mind has no faith in the garden variety of men and women. It is convinced that they have in themselves no power of leadership. Nietsche called them the *viel zu viele:* the many too many. Their proper destiny is to be told what to

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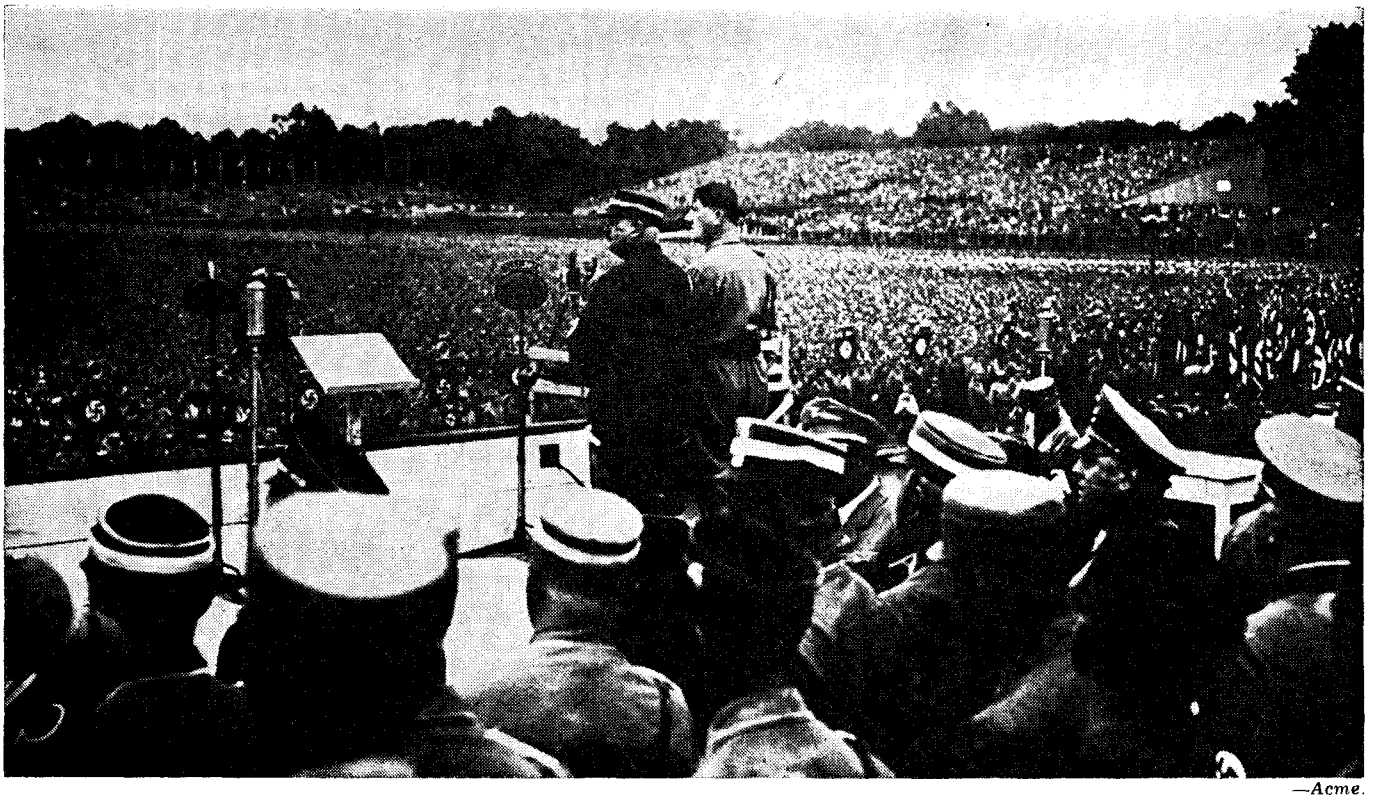

—Acme.

Adolf Hitler: "I *was sent.*"

do. What their leaders tell them is, of course, "for their own good"—naturally. If, then, certain freedoms are denied them, it is because these freedoms may tempt them to do things that may harm them: like reading forbidden books; talking with forbidden people; listening to forbidden music; going to forbidden plays; hearing forbidden speeches; turning on forbidden programs; taking up with forbidden science; listening to forbidden propaganda; marrying into a forbidden race or ideology.

The masses, according to this view (or, in religion, the communicants), must be constantly and meticulously guarded against such deviations. For their own protection, therefore, they must be kept in leading strings. In short, their condition must be one of perpetual dependence—never out of sight of their leaders; carefully directed as to what they should and should not do, what they should and should not think.

Seen in this light, totalitarianism of whatever sort—religious, political, economic, educational—is a plan for *fixating the many in immaturity.* It is a plan for preventing the majority of men and women from growing up. In short, it is the philosophy and practice of parent-child relationship transferred to the adult world.

This can be made to seem wholly beneficent. Most men and women are fairly limited in their outlook, since they have neither the time nor the inclination to become informed about matters of wide human concern. Hence it might not seem unreasonable that the few should be guides and leaders of those who have no chance to know.

But there is a subtle and not always recognized danger in this. Exercising authority over others for their own good has a way of being transformed, by subtle stages, into *getting satisfaction* out of exercising authority. At the same time, it tends to generate contempt for those who are kept in leading strings: a contempt for the weak and incompetent that by well-known psychological stages becomes in turn a hatred of the "stupid masses." Hitler's "Mein Kampf" is a textbook illustration of this "rake's progress" from a conviction of God-given leadership to a disgusted sense of the incapacity and untrustworthiness of the masses.

That this "rake's progress" is fairly typical would seem to be abundantly proved by the fact that the most marked characteristic of all totalitarian regimes, however well intentioned at the outset, is a self-justified *use of terror.* Religious totalitarians have used the terrors of hell and excommunication—"You have to keep them frightened"; economic totalitarians have used the terror of firing and the blacklist—"Men won't work unless they are afraid"; political totalitarians have used the terrors of the secret police, expulsion from the party, the labor camp, and liquidation. This almost inevitable use of terror would seem to imply two things: first, that the parent-child relationship called for in totalitarian systems is, by and large, not one of love, but of *love for authority;* second, that the "parental" aim in totalitarianism is not to help child-adults to grow into mature wisdom, but rather to keep them intimidated and in their place, so that those in power will have a free rein.

IT is doubtful, for example, that when Calvin, the religious totalitarian, burned the "heretic" Servetus at the stake, he burned him for his own good and because he loved him Calvin had taken on the authority of God; he obviously loved that authority; and in the grim exercise of it he put to death an intelligent and sensitive man who disagreed with him. Cotton Mather, officer of the Massachusetts theocracy, drowned the witches of Salem not because he loved them, as a parent might love and yet chastise his misguided children, but because with an authority vested in him by his totalitarian God, he hated them into destruction. Torquemada,

(*Continued on page* 31)

H. A. Overstreet is the author of "The Mature Mind," "Influencing Human Behavior," and other books. This essay is drawn from "The Great Enterprise: Relating Ourselves to Our World," to be published on August 11 by W. W. Norton.

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Belles-Lettres. Back in 1919, when H. L. Mencken published a relatively slender volume on "The American Language," like Columbus he was the first man to touch a vast continent the size and importance of which he could only dimly appreciate. Before he was finished he had three volumes, aggregating 2,500 pages, on the subject. Many explorers have followed after him: George Philip Krapp, author of two volumes on "The English Language in America," and others who as individuals or collaborators have produced "A Dictionary of American English," "A Dictionary of Americanisms," "The Linguistic Atlas," and a host of other works and magazine articles. One of the first attempts to sort all their discoveries and present them temptingly for the layman is Thomas Pyles's "Words and Ways of American English," reviewed below. . . . Again there are additions to the Shakespearean shelf: Leslie Hotson's book on the Bard ("Shakespeare's Motley," page 12) and F. E. Halliday's "A Shakespearean Companion," page 12.

Love-apples & Ah-hem!

WORDS AND WAYS OF AMERICAN ENGLISH. By Thomas Pyles. New York: Random House. 310 *pp.* $3.50.

By M. M. Mathews

THOMAS Pyles earns his living by teaching "Beowulf" and Chaucer at the University of Florida at Gainesville. Such an occupation is not, "as I gesse," one that would equip a man to disport himself gracefully in the domain of American speech; but nonetheless Mr. Pyles has succeeded very well in his "attempt to provide the lay reader [with] a brief yet adequate treatment of the English language as it has been and is spoken and written by Americans."

To students of language, the title Mr. Pyles has chosen for his book will call to mind Greenough's and Kittredge's learned "Words and Their Ways in English Speech." But there the resemblance ends. Since Mr. Pyles is writing for laymen, his aim has been to select from what has already been found out about the American language rather than to add to the sum total of what is known. He has plenty to draw upon, in all conscience, for in the past few years American English has been one of the most industriously tilled and fruitful vineyards of scholarship. He writes in a light and entertaining vein, eschewing such scholarly impedimenta as footnotes, bibliography, and phonetic symbols.

Something of the scope and spirit of the book can be grasped by a glance at the titles of the first six of Mr. Pyles's always interesting chapters: Early American Speech: Coinages, Adaptations, and Survivals; Early American Speech; Adaptations from Foreign Tongues; Some Characteristics of American English and Their Backgrounds; Noah Webster, Man and Symbol; Some Stylistic Characteristics: Tall Talk, Turgidity, and Taboo. There are five more in the same vein.

Open this book on any page and your eye will alight on something that will enlighten or amuse you. I found particularly entertaining chapter eight, wherein Mr. Pyles devotes himself to a discussion of a number of oddities that have appeared—temporarily, I hope!—in American English. Here are a few: *huburger,* "a hamburger prepared and sold in the Hub Grill, Detroit," *wishburger,* "sold at a stand located near a 'wishing well' in California," and the last straw, *Trumanburger,* thought up by some public enemy in Florida.

Since American English is a field that has not yet been thoroughly worked, by any means, it will be a long time before anyone can write a book such as this one without committing a few errors. Those of us who toil in this vineyard have to accompany each other, from time to time, to the woodshed. It is as one whose wails have often resounded from this place of chastisement that I hereby cheerfully thrust my services as escort upon Mr. Pyles.

My colleague from Florida wobbles badly in dealing with *lynch law,* not knowing just whose name it preserves. Sir William Craigie has the credit for being the first, in this generation, to come upon the clue to the right explanation of the origin of this expression. I was working within ten feet of him when he did so, and for the next three days his smile was something to behold. He at once wrote to Albert Matthews, who in a previous encounter

M. M. Mathews is editor of "A Dictionary of Americanisms."

THE AUTHOR: When, one Sunday in 1945, *The New York Times* magazine ran a line that *sirloin* was known as *sirloin* because it had once been knighted by Henry VIII, a man at the University of Oklahoma got quite upset. "Fie on the *Times*," he wrot impatiently in a letter that appeared in the magazine a Sunday or two later; then, in a couple of dozen firm words, he suggested that the *Times* had better consult a reputable dictionary. The *Times* did. The fellow who caught the magazine with its etymology down was a Thomas Pyles, the same Thomas Pyles, as it happens, who has just written a book on American English, a sunny, etymological excursion among words like *gosh, darn,* and *hell.* Pyles, a professor of English, now at the University of Florida at Gainesville, spent less than a year on the actual writing of his book, though he has been a linguistics fan ever since his own college days—U. of Maryland, B. A., M.A.; and Johns Hopkins University, Ph. D. "The book," Pyles is quick to point out, "is not a work of research in any sense. Free use has been made of many sources, the result being simply a resumé of work done in the past twenty years." As a scholar with plenty of etymological nuances dying to get into print, Pyles isn't exactly jubilant about the book not having a single footnote. This, however, was a decision taken by Random House in deference to a chap known as "the general reader." "This is a popular book," Pyles sums up, "setting forth the modern scholar's attitude toward language in contrast to the older, prescriptive approach." Linguistics has always had a strong headlock on Pyles. For one thing, he has a real interest in American English's "free and uninhibited use of coinages and adaptations of the mother tongue"—bits and phrases like *O.K.* and *Annie Oakley* and *razorback.* For another, he is a student of "the tendency on the part of educated speakers and writers toward exaggerated respect for textbooks." It's Pyles's conviction that despite all the stories about their rugged individualism, Americans prefer to go by the rule book. —Bernard Kalb.

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with *lynch law* had come off second best. Matthews had definitely established that Charles Lynch had no part in inspiring the expression, but he hadn't been able to name the man who had: Captain William Lynch of Virginia. With the aid of Sir William's "tip," he returned to the fray and put the matter straight in an article which appeared in 1929. Mr. Pyles seems to have missed this article and has dragged back into the picture Charles Lynch and that blamed Old Irishman, Mayor Lynch of Glasgow.

On a later page Mr. Pyles writes that *tote* "was first recorded in New England in the seventeenth century." It is a pleasure to give him here the background of this remarkable statement. Several years ago I wrote a small book which one of my friends kindly reviewed. In the course of his review he launched this "New England in the seventeenth century" business. By rare good luck, within a short time I unexpectedly encountered my friend and at once asked him if he could produce a record of *tote* before 1677, when it turned up in Virginia. The poor fellow confessed that he did not have any seventeenth-century evidence from New England or anywhere else, but averred that he had been in New England in the twentieth century and had heard *tote* used then, from which circumstance he felt justified in concluding that it must have been used there in the seventeenth century!

Midwife of Maturity

THE ART OF BOOK READING. By Stella S. Center. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 298 *pp.* $3.50.

By Joseph Wood Krutch

IS reading less important in the lives of Americans than it used to be? Most of us who rely upon general impressions think that it is. Radio, movies, television, and the rest certainly take up a great deal of time, and leisure time is limited. Some librarians and others claiming special knowledge insist that both children and adults do nevertheless read as many books as they ever did, and the layman doesn't like to contradict the specialist too dogmatically. But in any event, one thing is certain. A smaller *proportion* of all the time spent on education, on the pursuit of esthetic pleasure, and on entertainment is devoted to the printed word.

That seems unfortunate to those of us who believe that after all has been said about one picture and a thousand words or about the dramatic impact of the oration and the spoken dialogue, the fact nevertheless remains that the printed word is still the most flexible, varied, and economical means of communication ever invented. There are more cases where a hundred words can tell what a thousand pictures could not than there are cases where the reverse is true. And does anyone seriously believe that a half-hour dramatization on television of some historical event or some current problem actually can convey as much as could be learned in the same time by reading twenty or thirty pages of a well-written exposition? The truth is that most of the "modern methods" of communication are inefficient, wasteful, and inadequate when addressed to anyone competent to read.

The catch is, of course, in the last clause. Competence in reading has to be learned, principally by practice. To say that only about ten million adults out of the one hundred and fifty million in the United States cannot read is very misleading. Nobody knows how many really are capable of receiving a significant minimum of what words can express. Nobody knows; but no one who has ever taught a group of college freshmen can doubt that the number is appallingly small. Most teachers prefer not to face the awful truth, but a little questioning will reveal the fact that many a college student finds what looks to the teacher like a simple, straightforward statement as obscure as a metaphysical poem and as much in need of "explication."

When this fact has been grasped, there are two possible approaches to the problem. One is to say "Very well, since most people can't read very effectively, let's not expect them to. Let's fill the schools with audio-visual aids and teach soldiers the principles of combat by specially prepared comic books." To some degree the method works. Those very much impressed by the Wellsian "race between education and catastrophe" see the method as a road to salvation. But there is a risk involved. It may be that fewer and fewer people will learn to read efficiently and that presently we shall have a nation composed largely of citizens who are illiterate in all except the most elementary sense of the word.

The other approach is, of course, by way of the slower, more difficult process of actually teaching people to read. The author of the present book is one who has devoted her life to this task and who, among other things, taught for fifteen years a class at New York University to which all sorts of mature and often successful people came because they realized that they did not really know how to read. Her book is in part an exposition of her theories and methods and as such is extremely interesting to anyone concerned with the subject. It is also in greater part a sort of textbook to be used by the solitary student who wants to learn what she has to teach. There are a great many examples of various kinds of writing, from simple exposition to drama and poetry, with suggestions for using them for practice in comprehension. It seems to be a simple and practical method.

What strikes the present reviewer as most remarkable is the general soundness of Miss Center's approach to the problem and her refusal to dodge the fact that genuine learning often must be a somewhat arduous process; that not all of it can be made fun and that there must be no compromise which affects the real end in view. To take a simple example, she is vehemently opposed to the spreading of comic books based on "the classics" because she believes that a child who has been presented with a vulgarization of "The Iliad" in five crude colors is less rather than more likely ever to read it in a decent English translation. Similarly, on a somewhat higher level, she realizes that the proper way to meet vocabulary difficulties is to teach more words, not to edit out of texts whatever has been shown by vocabulary tests to be unfamilar to a child of a certain age or adults of a certain degree of formal education.

Perhaps there is nothing radically new in all this. In fact, a reviewer who was brought up on—and who like most students roundly cursed—Genung's "Principles of Rhetoric" will recognize a good many of the analyses. But the unfamiliar emphasis is now fresh again. Those who suspect something "undemocratic" in any insistence upon skill or capacity ought to remember that though the quickest way to indoctrinate a people may be by the methods of mass communication, the very fact that those people have never learned the disciplines involved in reading makes it easier to indoctrinate than to educate them. The easily led are also the easily misled.

Joseph Wood Krutch is Brander Matthews professor of dramatic literature at Columbia University.

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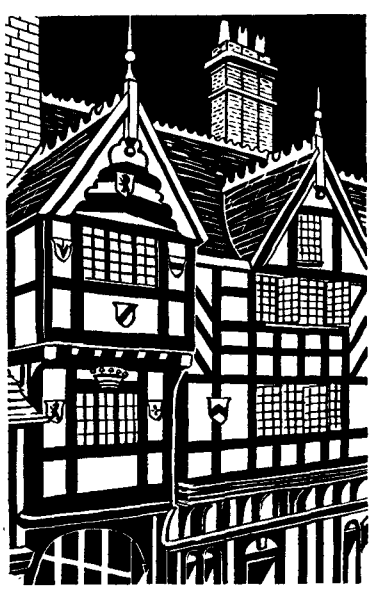
Wistful Amusement

THE DEVELOPMENT OF ENGLISH HUMOR. By Louis Cazamian. Durham, N.C.: Duke University Press. 421 pp. $6.

By Bergen Evans

IN this volume Professor Cazamian continues the study of the development of English humor which he began more than twenty-five years ago. In 1930 he published a history of English humor from the earliest times to the Renaissance and the present book incorporates this previous volume and his "L'Humor de Shakespeare" (Paris, 1945) and carries the study down to the Restoration. He had once dreamed of examining English humor in its entirety, but "the passing of time, unexpected events, and the pressure of other work" have compelled him to abandon this ambitious hope and to terminate his study at the very threshold of what he feels to be the great period of English humor, the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, the centuries of Sterne and Dickens.

He believes humor to be a peculiarly English attitude towards life, "the wistful amusement of the serious minded," which has become not merely a mode of joking but an orientation of the whole mind, one which at its highest "expresses all the mental powers of a man" and gives him, in a weary and unintelligible world, the possession of his own soul.



We first hear of "Merry England" (in the "Cursor Mundi") in the first years of the fourteenth century, but Froissart's famous observation that the English take their fun sadly more aptly applies to Chaucer, the great literary figure of the century. In his writing, perhaps for the first time in all literature, humor is the soul and essence. There is a sly naïvete in his manner, a whimsical, yet not wholly affected, retention of the freshness of youth in mature, disillusioned experience, a deep interest in all of life tinged with a wistful and pitying amusement.

From Chaucer to the Renaissance, M. Cazamian grants, is an "almost unrelieved anticlimax." Then Shakespeare explodes, in humor, as in everything else, incomparable. But no immediate change is apparent. The slower, more general, development was shaped rather by Jonson who impressed a new meaning on the old physiological "humor," a meaning which, as so often happens, became, in its turn, an impediment to further development. Not until "Hudibras" was Jonson's influence to be finally replaced and not until Addison and Steele, a generation later, did modern English humor fully emerge.

Perhaps the idea of "development" impedes Professor Cazamian and makes his book dull in spots. Like most historians of English literature, he is overly-concerned with "predecessors" and labors too hard to find connections in resemblances. He is at his best in his direct analyses of individual writers and works; the sections on Chaucer and Shakespeare are the best of their kind and his comments on the minor Elizabethan playwrights and on the metaphysical poets are penetrating and fresh.

Not the least of the book's values is its continual digressions on humor itself. Indeed, it is to be wished that Professor Cazamian would do a short essay on this subject alone. Falstaff's "a jest with a sad brow" and the "doleful matter merrily set down" which the clown in "A Winter's Tale" loved to hear "sung lamentably" serve him well as preliminary definitions. He will not allow humor to be "coextensive with mere fun"; there must be a special restraint, an apparent unconsciousness of the effect produced. But only apparent; the true humorist is fully aware that he is odd and that his oddity is amusing. Understatement is indispensable: "just as good manners will repress the selfish display of the natural man," so education and refinement will lead to "a fondness for understatement."

The English have always loved and protected idiosyncrasy and cherished "the tactics of apparent unawareness" in order to give a pleasant sense of cooperating actively in the final effect of merriment.

Bergen Evans, author of "The Natural History of Nonsense," is professor of English at Northwestern University.

Life vs. Thought

THE WITHERED BRANCH: Six Studies in the Modern Novel. By D. S. Savage. New York: Pelligrini & Cudahy. 207 pp. $3.50.

By Maxwell Geismar

D. S. SAVAGE is an excellent, original, and sometimes infuriating critic. These six essays on E. M. Forster, Virginia Woolf, Aldous Huxley, Hemingway, Joyce, and Margiad Evans (an interesting English novelist not well known here) contain some of the best things I have read lately in the field of literary criticism. Mr. Savage is distressing, I suppose, because just on the edge of real achievement, he will take a dizzy jump into the absolute.

Part of the book's brilliance and value comes from its complete repudiation of the so-called New Critics (those venerable, honorific, solemn descendants of the Eliot-Pound-Richards triangle). Mr. Savage disposes of the question of "technique" straight off by comparing it with "a much more primary and fundamental activity, which I propose to call *vision.*" All art is related to a social context, he says quite correctly, to the personality of the artist, and to the outside truth of the life it portrays. It is nonsense to omit these elements in appraising works of art, it is impossible to ignore them.

What counts is how the critic operates in these areas. And I might add that it is good to have the solid, durable elements of both art and criticism stressed again (or even mentioned) with the eloquence and insight that Mr. Savage has at his command. He sees the modern literary mind as suffering from a central split between the cult of estheticism—which separates art from life—and the trend towards "vitalism," which exalts raw life—or "gross vitalistic animality"—at the expense of both culture and art. In support of his thesis he has an excellent study of E. M. Forster as an instance of the "Liberal Imagination" in Lionel Trilling's bewildered vocabulary—that is to say, as the epitome of a timid—or a terrified—middle-class refinement, which takes refuge in sensibility. Not Liberal; not imaginative.

Mr. Savage is quite devastating on the cult of Virginia Woolf, too. "The legend of Virginia Woolf as an 'artist'

Maxwell Geismar is the author of "Writers in Crisis" and "The Last of the Provincials," part of a long study of the novel in America.

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pure and simple . . . is one which can have taken root only in a society in which there exists the most lamentable indifference both to life and to art." There are sharp analyses, on the other hand, of modern mystics and primitives (Huxley, Joyce) who are split between a false moralism and a false sensualism. The hitch in Mr. Savage's own system of values, which is admirable up to this point, is that he jumps from here to the notion that truth is Absolute, and related only to God, or a religious affirmation of life.

I myself believe that this can be just as fatal to an artist's work as the lack of any values or beliefs whatsoever—and that the great works of literature, at least, have been in the human and not in the supernatural area. It is precisely in the realm of pragmatic and relative truth—and not in that of fixed, immutable prejudices —that the American tradition has been rooted; and what would some of the eighteenth-cenutry English novelists say to Mr. Savage's thesis?

A novelist's belief must come from within him, too, and reflect the quality of the life around him—and when this fails, everything else is a recourse of desperation or, as in some modern instances, something of a fad. And one remembers the early Dreiser who could never get enough of "materiality"—wonderful advice for the novelist. But if you read Mr. Savage's book with this in mind (and skip his Hemingway essay, which is poor) you will find the rest of it on a high level.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT No. 476

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 476 will be found in the next issue.

ZDNGOABCNL PREPFB

HGOGZNSB; RMKG

BMQGSNQGB NOTYDGB.

BGOGWP.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 475

Many of our cares are but a morbid way of looking at our privileges.

—Walter Scott

The Broods of Brahmins

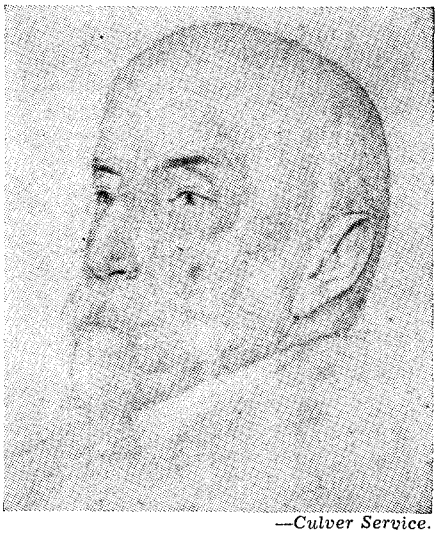
HENRY ADAMS: SCIENTIFIC HISTORIAN. By William H. Jordy. New Haven, Conn.: Yale University Press. 327 *pp.* $5.

By Robert E. Spiller

THE historians have always been worried by Henry Adams, because they could not escape from the fascination of both the man and his theory and yet they could accept neither as up to professional standards. Any man who can give up an established position as teacher and scholar to become a tourist at large is obviously a dilettante; any theory of history that sacrifices logic to a pair of symbols is little more than an old man's whimsy. Yet this man wrote one of the most scholarly of histories of the United States, as well as two books that shocked a generation by the courage and profundity of their thought. He declared himself a failure; so he was.

Mr. Jordy, an historian, has had the courage of youth to face this paradox once more, and his conclusions are essentially those of his elders even though he has done the job with such liberality of spirit and thoroughness of workmanship that it should never have to be done again. Starting with the traditional premise that Henry Adams was primarily a "scientific" historian, he carefully distinguishes him from the "literary" historians like Parkman. He then analyzes the "History" on its given terms (without asking why Adams was interested in those sixteen years when the Adams family was not in the White House). The "Phase" essay and the "Letter" are then given complete study against the background of the science of the day. Finally, some cursory remarks on Adams's old age and its literary consequences in the "Education" and the "Chartres" lead to the traditional conclusion that Adams failed by his own standards. There is nothing new in all this, even to the lurking feeling that the historian (in this case, Mr. Jordy) has succeeded in everything except in convincing himself that his study was ill-advised because his subject really was a failure. Adams once more has the last word and it is once more an ironic chuckle. His greatness lies beyond historical thinking and historical method.

The novelty and value in Mr. Jordy's study lie in its central thesis, that Adams was a "disillusioned Comtist." It has been pretty generally assumed that Comte was a primary influence on the later and theoretical aspects of Adams's life and that the "History" was to no great degree influenced by the French philosopher. Mr. Jordy demonstrates that the reverse was actually the case; that because of Comte "the 'History' reflected the central problem of conservative liberalism of the mid-nineteenth century, that is, the role of leadership in relation to the growing democratization of an industrial society"; that Comte was responsible for the nationalistic and moral optimism of the early work and not for the pessimism of the later period; and that the essay on "Phase" marked the end rather than the beginning of the Comtean influence. The belief in degradation and catastrophe which prompted the irony and cynicism was a result of the failure of the Comtean dream of a positive sociology which could be both scientific and historical. Late nineteenth-century science was searched reluctantly for a substitute formula.



—*Culver Service.*

Henry Adams—non-professional fascination.

Other unhappy findings of this tireless researcher are that Adams did not derive anything much from Willard Gibbs, that he relied on newspaper clippings for many of his facts on science, that his logic was shaky because his facts were unreliable or misunderstood, and that no one in 1910 even took the "Letter" seriously. On the other hand, Mr. Jordy is quite willing to concede that the esthetic side of Adams, even though not within the scope of this book, may be important, and he pauses on the threshold of Romanticism with more than a wistful look inside the forbidden realm. The fact is, of course, that the literary (rather than the historical) objectives

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(which Adams professed in youth and never again denied) are primary, the critic may cross that threshold and enter the realm of symbol and insight where the master creative genius resides. If Mr. Jordy had done for the "Education" and the "Chartres" the same kind of thorough and definitive analysis that he has done for the "History" and the "Letter," especially for the chapters dealing with the Dynamic Theory of History and the philosophy of Thomas Aquinas, he could not have saved himself from the broader view. Without these final documents wherein Adams fully revealed the depth and strength of his imaginative power, the premises and conclusions of the historian-critic will hold, and the portrait of the whining armchair cynic of Lafayette Square is valid. With them—well, that is another book.

An Old Friend's Gift

HARDY AND THE LADY FROM MADISON SQUARE. By Carl J. Weber. Waterville, Me.: Colby College Press. 264 *pp.* $5.

By JOHN T. WINTERICH

WHEN the final trump blares and the grave is sprung, the wispy shape of Thomas Hardy will emerge not in Dorset but (perhaps considerably to his astonishment) in Waterville, Maine. For Carl J. Weber, these many years, has been rearing and tending at Colby College a Hardy shrine of such impressiveness and bulk that he has, almost single-handed, succeeded in making Waterville the capital of Wessex. Almost single-handed, but not wholly. Much of the credit (Dr. Weber would be the first to assign it) must go to the late Carroll Atwood Wilson, devoted and assiduous student and collector of Hardy, and donor of the material which forms the basis of the present engaging story, which is dedicated to Wilson's memory.

"The lady from Madison Square" was Rebekah Owen, daughter of an English immigrant who prospered sufficiently in New York to educate his two daughters and to leave them a competence. The girls were eminently educable; Rebekah, in particular, became a true aficionado of letters, especially of the works of Thomas Hardy. Her application and zeal were fantastic—she read "Under the Greenwood Tree" twelve times early in its (and her) career. With her sister and a maid, she went to England in 1892 and met Hardy. There were subsequent trips, and in 1898 the Owen ladies went abroad to stay.

This, then, is the case history of a fan, but an intelligent, purposeful, and constructive fan. That she would eventually make a nuisance of herself and wear out her welcome was inevitable, and the full story is here. For Rebekah Owen kept everything—her notes, her letters from Hardy and the two Mrs. Hardys, her books signed by Hardy (but bought by her) until the old gentleman had to call a halt.

And what good came of it at last? Dr. Weber sums up neatly, at the close of a highly entertaining and abundantly documented narrative. She got Hardy to restore the caged-goldfinch incident in "The Mayor of Casterbridge." She effected corrections and textual alterations in "Far from the Madding Crowd" and "Jude the Obscure" and probably in "The Well-Beloved." She got her own name of Rebekah into "Interlopers at the Knap." More important, she recorded numerous identifications of literary allusions, places, incidents, characters which she had from Hardy's own lips. She obtained, from the same unimpeachable source, explanations of the author's purpose in three major novels. She set down for posterity, Boswell-wise, personalia that give clarity and understanding to Hardy's shy and shadowy personality. She may have been a pest to Hardy, but she is a minor blessing to posterity, and Dr. Weber has rendered a signal service in making her findings pleasantly and competently accessible.

—*Culver Service.*

Thomas Hardy—"had to call a halt."

Belles-Lettres Notes

SHAKESPEARE'S MOTLEY. By Leslie Hotson. Oxford University Press. $3.50. Leslie Hotson is a scholar-detective with a rare gift of writing with clarity, suspense, and informality. His previous book on the dating of Shakespeare's sonnets had two disadvantages: the main essay was somewhat equivocal, and the other pieces were too scattered in topic. His new book is both convincing and unified, and more enjoyable as sheer reading.

His topic is Shakespeare's use of the fool as a character. He begins by uncovering the exact meaning of "motley" (usually misunderstood), and ends by sketching the life of Robert Armin, the actor who played the motley's parts—of which Touchstone, Feste, and Lear's Fool are the purest examples. His investigation is no dead end, but leads where it is most useful, to a more accurate appreciation of Shakespearean character and language. When, for example, he has explained the status and clothing of the fool in Elizabethan society, we understand what is meant when Anthony is called "a strumpet's fool." Or why Lear in his wild fancy takes his Fool (dressed in a long motley robe) to be a judge. Or Hamlet's antic scenes as vestiges of a fool's. The book is full of ingenious insights and brilliantly simple solutions to problems that bristle in Shakespeare's lines. The Oxford University Press has done notably well, too, with clean, handsome typography on very white paper, and with interesting, pertinent illustrations (chosen, of course, by Mr. Hotson).

A SHAKESPEARE COMPANION 1550-1950. By F. E. Halliday. Funk & Wagnalls. $8.50. This reference book is an omnium gatherum of information about Shakespeare. Almost any topic related (and sometimes unrelated) to him is set down in concise, literate entries; included are his biography, his plays, their sources, characters, settings, printing histories, the theatre of his time, other Elizabethan playwrights and their plays, and critics, scholars, and actors up to the present. Its 742 pages garner a vast number of topics, some of questionable value. Why, for example, should there be a four-line entry for Mendelssohn and none for Tchaikovsky (whose "Hamlet" and "Romeo" are played)? There are other, more damaging omissions, including the Forest of Arden, Bohemia, Bardolatry (about which a book has been written), and Oscar Wilde (whose "Portrait of W.H." is an interesting freak). And

(*Continued on page* 33)

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U.S.A. & The World. If anyone has enough spirit left for an argument these sizzling summer days, he will find combustible material aplenty in two new books on our foreign policy reviewed below. The first, C. C. Tansill's "Background to War: The Roosevelt Foreign Policy 1933-1941," which makes a great point of being based on unpublished materials in the State Department files, is what its author calls a "revisionist" interpretation of America's entry into World War II. It develops in an extreme fashion the thesis the late Charles A. Beard propounded in "President Roosevelt and the Coming of the War" (1948). The second book, Ralph de Toledano's "Spies, Dupes, and Diplomats," deals with events even more recent. Like Senator McCarthy on the stump and Freda Utley in "The China Story," it argues that the State Department under Acheson "gave" China to the Communists. . . . Cooler, more scholarly, and certainly as useful in its way, is Keenleyside and Brown's account of relations with our closest neighbor: "Canada and the United States" (page 15).

The Unwearying Post-Mortemers

BACKDOOR TO WAR: The Roosevelt Foreign Policy, 1933-1941. By Charles Callan Tansill. Chicago: Henry Regnery Co. 690 pp. $6.50.

By Lindsay Rogers

"WIDESPREAD is the conviction that wicked men make war—political or economic men or both"; that into an "idyllic scene of people engaged in 'peaceful' pursuits, wicked politicians, perhaps shoved along by wicked bankers, burst with their war cries"; that "the politician, with the banker in the background, is a kind of *deus ex machina,* a strange kind of demon, coming from the nether region and making the people do things they would never otherwise have done. Mr. Tansill, a much less eminent historian than Beard, has outdone him in imputing demoniacal views to the man who occupied the White House for a longer period than any of his predecessors. While Mr. Beard only maintained that Japan was "maneuvered into firing the first shot," Mr. Tansill has Japan "maneuvered into war."

Mr. Tansill outdoes Beard in another respect, for, on some points, his readers will only be able to disbelieve and will not find it possible to argue. The materials that Mr. Beard had used were published ones and it was easy to point out the statements that were incorrect and the interpretations that were unjustified. Mr. Tansill has "been fortunate in securing access to the copious correspondence in the confidential files of the Department of State" and boasts that "up to this time no other historian has fully utilized the same materials."

Now, in the interest of economy of money and newsprint and out of consideration for shelf space in private (and even public) libraries, it may be wise for foreign offices to refrain from publishing everything in their confidential files and simply open them to reputable scholars. But, unless the reader takes the time to go to the files himself, he will have to wait until some other historian uses the same materials and reaches different conclusions. This is regrettable even when an author is not enamored of the "devil theory of history"; and it is the more regrettable in this particular case because for good and sufficient reasons the files of the State Department are only open to inquirers who obtain "clearance."

Mr. Tansill has avoided the necessity of toning down his account of the machinations in Washington by saying that "the story of the attempts of the Tojo Cabinet to find some formula of accommodation with the United States is a twice-told tale that does not have to be repeated here." But must it not be retold in order to keep readers from being misled? Some of them may fail to remember Tojo's deposition on the timing of the Pearl Harbor assault and his own desire to give some formal notice. He thought that Japan's honor would suffer if there was a sneak attack, but the Army and Navy—Admiral Nagano, the chief of Naval Staff, was particularly insistent—had their way in respect of surprise. How can the "maneuvering" of Japan be appraised with no reference to this deposition and other Japanese materials?

President Roosevelt is not alone in the diplomatic hell that Mr. Tansill describes. He quotes Ben Hecht, in "Erik Dorn," as "pungently" referring to Woodrow Wilson at the Paris Peace Conference as a "long-faced virgin trapped in a bawdy house and calling in valiant tones for a glass of lemonade" and adds, approvingly: "In truth, Wilson ordered his glass of lemonade heavily spiked with the hard liquor of deceit and the whole world has paid for the extended binge of a so-called statesman who promised peace while weaving a web of war."

This is on page 10 but the reader, if he continues, need not think that what is to come will be anticlimactic. From 1932 on Roosevelt was "furtively eyeing the exotic wench of collective security who waited in the wings for the cue that would inevitably come." In order to give the cue, Mr. Roosevelt visited Queens University in Kingston, Ontario, to receive "one of his innumerable honorary degrees" and "as a part of this

Lindsay Rogers is Burgess professor of public law at Columbia University. He is the author of "Crisis Government," "The American Senate," and other books.

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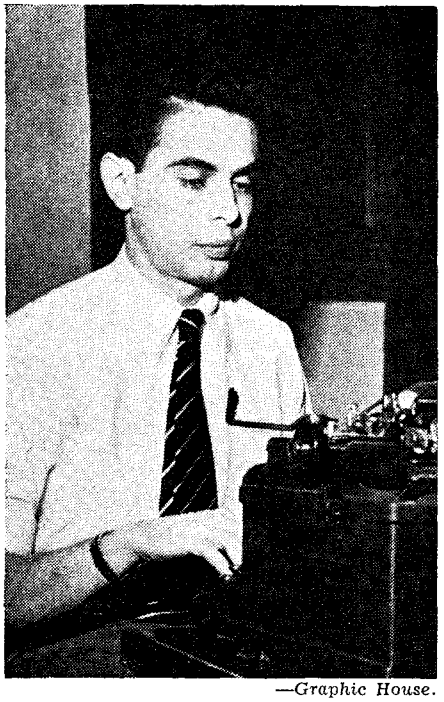

—Graphic House.

R. de Toledano—"belabors with epithets."

ritual for securing knowledge by degrees, Roosevelt then made an address which formally placed Canada under the protection of the Monroe Doctrine"—a promise much like one's agreeing to pay one's wife's debts. In 1933 Roosevelt began to use the "theme song" of President Wilson who wished to share "America's ideals and wealth with the rest of the world." So "with Roosevelt as maestro the old macabre accents began to haunt every home. In 1941 his orchestra of death was anxiously waiting for the signal to begin the new symphony. He had hoped for a German motif but Hitler had refused to assist him with a few opening martial notes. Perhaps some Japanese statesman would prove more accommodating!"

Mr. Tansill should have been as frank as a nineteenth-century English historian of Greece who announced that he had two qualifications: complete partiality and a bad temper. (Mitford was not so addicted to clichés.) The pity is that the enormous industry of five years which this ponderous tome required has been largely wasted. Mr. Tansill's diatribes are so extreme that they will embarrass those who hate the memory of Woodrow Wilson, Franklin Roosevelt, and the lesser figures who marched in the events that led to war in 1941. The diatribes will cause no uneasiness to the many who believe that history should be something more than "sound and fury" and that some statesmen—Wilson and Roosevelt, for example—even though they had many faults and made grievous mistakes, were not completely devoid of high-mindedness.

"Why, You Ain't No Amer . . ."

SPIES, DUPES, AND DIPLOMATS. By Ralph de Toledano. New York: Duell, Sloan & Pearce. 244 pp. $3.50.

By Harold C. Hinton

THE theme of this book is a simple one: during the New Deal era Communists (or perhaps they were liberals, but Mr. de Toledano seems to consider this a distinction without a difference) infiltrated the United States Government. In cooperation with like-minded men outside the Government, many of them connected with the Institute of Pacific Relations, they helped to precipitate an unnecessary war with Japan, sabotaged the Nationalist Government of China by denying it the help it needed to defeat the Communists, covered their tracks by preventing the proper prosecution of the *Amerasia* case, and finally by their indirect aid and comfort to the Chinese Communists did much to bring on the Korean war. Apparently trying to fight the devil with fire, Mr. de Toledano belabors his "spies, dupes, and diplomats" with epithets such as "stubborn, politics-ridden, and Red-infiltrated Truman-Acheson State Department," "the Acheson clique," and so forth.

The first hundred pages of the book deal with the case of Richard Sorge, a Soviet spy who operated in Japan until his arrest in 1941. It is an interesting story, for Sorge was a clever spy who managed to warn his superiors both of Hitler's invasion of Russia and the Japanese attack on the United States. Its only tangible connection with the rest of the book, however, seems to be that for a time Sorge worked in China with Agnes Smedley, an American woman who knew some of the other Americans referred to in the title of the book. Mr. de Toledano is probably on safe ground in treating the account of his life which Sorge wrote in prison as authentic and reasonably accurate, but he is probably wrong in giving some weight to a rumor that Sorge may have escaped execution through some secret deal between Stalin and the Japanese. The Kremlin's notorious indifference to the fate of its agents, once they are caught, makes the possibility of such a deal seem remote.

With regard to America's entry into World War II, Mr. de Toledano is a thoroughgoing revisionist. He believes that Roosevelt (and later Truman) abandoned the Open Door Policy, that Roosevelt's failure to confer with Prince Konoye discouraged the moderates in Japan and forced the Japanese premier to resign in October 1941, and that the extremists in Japan would have refrained from attacking us if Hull had been more reasonable during the negotiations of 1941. The validity of these opinions is extremely doubtful. The Open Door Policy contained two principles: foreign nations trading in China should be granted equal commercial opportunities, and the territorial and administrative integrity of China should not be impaired.

Roosevelt did not then abandon the Open Door, for it was mainly in defense of these principles that he and Hull risked and got war with Japan. As for Prince Konoye's resignation, there is an alternative explanation; Chitoshi Yanaga, in his "Japan since Perry," attributes it to "the obstructionist tactics of the extremists and pro-Axis elements as well as the stubborn attitude of War Minister Tojo." Barring a complete diplomatic surrender on our part, the extremists would almost certainly have attacked us sooner or later. They had virtually decided on war in the summer of 1941, and Matsuoka had told Hitler in March that it was "only a question of time when Japan would attack" Britain, a step which would probably have meant war with the United States as well.

The charge that the Chinese Nationalists were sabotaged by a group of pro-Communist Americans, which Mr. de Toledano appears to accept, is a familiar one by now. Its absurdity has never been better summed up than in *The Washington Post's* trenchant editorial on Senator McCarran's report of his investigation into the Institute of Pacific Relations:

"This extravagant nonsense seems to be based on the view that China was a sort of political dependency of the United States to be retained or given away to Moscow by a simple administrative decision taken in Washington. It was not. China was—and still is—a vast continental land, diverse and disunited, peopled by some half a billion human beings—most of them living at a level of bare subsistence, immemorially exploited by landlords and harassed by warlords, in the throes of revolutionary pressures and counter-pressures that have been felt the world over. The United States has never at any time been in a position to exercise more than a minor influence on Chinese destiny. China was 'lost' by the Chinese."

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Border of Promise

CANADA AND THE UNITED STATES. By Hugh L. Keenleyside and Gerald S. Brown. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 399 pp. $6.

By L. L. L. Golden

TOO often Canada is either ignored by Americans or thought of as simply another state of the Union. As long as these habits persist, so long will there be annoyances and friction between two nations where there need be none.

Canadians are anxious to understand the United States. They are willing to go along more than half way with a full appreciation of the internal reasons for American external actions. Canadians like Americans and admire the United States. But they don't relish being treated as a satellite somewhere up north, a swell place to go fishing.

So unused are the people of the United States to the fact that they are the most powerful nation in the world that they still tend to act with little concern for the feelings and problems of their warmest friend and best customer.

For those anxious to understand the nation which Churchill called the linchpin between Great Britain and the United States here is a valuable book on Canadian-American relations from early colonial days to the present. It is written with Americans in mind, with a sympathetic approach to their views.

Both Mr. Keenleyside and Mr. Brown know Canada. The former is director general of the Technical Assistance Administration of the United Nations, a Canadian who has had a distinguished career in his country's diplomatic service ranging from Japan to Mexico, with long home service. Mr. Brown is Canadian born and is now assistant professor of history at the University of Michigan, specializing in British Commonwealth and Canadian history. Their work is a revised and enlarged edition of that written by Mr. Keenleyside alone in 1929. It is not only a fuller book but a more valuable one, for it deals with problems between the two countries during the difficult days of the 1930's and 1940's. It is as current as a careful, scholarly book can be.

Most Americans will be surprised at the hard core of strong feeling against the United States which has shown itself on many occasions. They will understand from this book why it is political suicide for a Canadian public man to advocate union with the United States. They will perhaps come to the conclusion that on occasion Canadians are too thin-skinned about American thoughtlessness or the rudeness of some members of Congress. Be that as it may. It is most important for Americans to understand the reasons underlying Canada's feelings, for it is a land which will be more and more important to the United States as time goes on.

With some seven-and-one-half billions of American private investment in Canada; with the new oil and iron ore resources of the Dominion; with its huge market for manufactured goods, —the northern neighbor is not to be brushed aside carelessly. A mature understanding of the country which lies between the United States and the Soviet Union is imperative for the national safety of both.

This is a book not alone for the academicians. It is valuable for those who do business in Canada, and that means for the more than 2,400 American enterprises operating in the strong, young, and active nation which knows so well the idiom of both Britain and the United States. Messrs. Keenleyside and Brown have made a worthy contribution to Americans' understanding of a small, proud friend.

L. L. L. Golden, former editorial writer for the Globe & Mail *in Toronto, now writes on the American scene for* Saturday Night, *Canada's weekly magazine.*

That Ole Black Gold

MAGIC OIL: Servant of the World. By Alfred M. Leeston. Dallas: Juan Pablos Books. 237 pp. $3.75.

By Erich W. Zimmermann

THIS is a well organized, readable, aggressively up-to-date, and magnificently documented survey of the world oil industry. The reviewer knows of no other source which in so short a space furnishes so many authentic answers to urgent questions regarding the current oil situation in every part of the world. Whether one wishes to understand the developments which led to the tragedy of Abadan or seeks authoritative reports on recent developments behind the Iron Curtain, whether one wants to know what goes on in Alberta, Canada, in Patagonia, Argentina—and points between—or whether one is interested in the latest developments in Saudi Arabia or the Far East, Dr. Leeston presents in compact and orderly fashion the latest oil intelligence culled from an almost incredibly wide range of sources.

The author is eminently fitted to handle this assignment. Widely traveled, broadly educated, well versed in political economy and international law as well as in the practical problems of industry, Dr. Leeston teaches at the Southern Methodist University in Dallas and serves at the same time as an assistant in economic and foreign work to E. DeGolyer, internationally famous geologist, oil and gas consultant, author, and all-round successful oilman. There are few spots anywhere in the world on which oil intelligence from everywhere converges in richer volume and at which is assembled a better collection of oil and gas materials of every description than the DeGolyer library. Of this wealth of information Dr. Leeston has made excellent use.

The book is divided into six parts each dealing with a major oil-producing region of the world: The United States (72 pages), the Middle East (56 pages, covering Saudi Arabia, Bahrein, Kuwait, Qatar, Iran, Iraq, and Egypt), the Far East (13 pages, including Burma, India, Pakistan, Indonesia, British Borneo, New Guinea, Japan, Australia, and New Zealand), Russia (9 pages), Europe (21 pages), the Americas, excluding U.S.A. (41 pages).

Topics treated are historical accounts of important oil developments, including the growth of the leading petroleum companies, data on oil production and reserves, organization of

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the industry, marketing, refining, and international trade. Examples of problems discussed at varying lengths are conservation, the import problem, nationalism, foreign investments, the relation between private corporate enterprise and foreign governments, and sterling oil *versus* dollar oil.

Not satisfied with passing on information and discussing important problems, the author is an ardent advocate of the free enterprise system and a valiant defender of the American oil industry. He misses no chance to promote the cause and advance his mission. To him oil—especially when produced by American business enterprise—is "the servant of the world," "a builder in peace and a defender in war, a bulwark against chaos, an outstanding example of what man, given his freedom, can do for advancing civilization."

With such sentiments the reviewer is in full agreement. It is true that there is a definite correlation between free enterprise and success in oil ventures. It is true that petroleum has contributed much to the advance of Western civilization and especially to the security of the West. The reviewer feels, however, that Dr. Leeston has weakened a good case by making exaggerated claims and by indulging in one-sided determinism. The reasons why citizens of this country succeeded in finding oil where others failed and why they built a grander industry on oil than any other group are legion. Among them the free enterprise system is one, perhaps the most important one, but still only one. By ignoring the others the book creates the impression of undue partisanship which in turn undermines faith in the objectivity of the approach.

The author views his book as a refutation of the critics of the free enterprise system in general and of the oil industry in particular. Is not the author claiming too much? Not all critics are knaves or fools, and by merely pointing with pride to the steep curve of rising oil production one does not refute serious arguments on such questions as the depletion allowance, the market demand features of conservation laws, and similar complex issues. It is not here argued that the critics are right, but only that more serious analysis is needed.

It should be clear that the questions here raised regarding the missionary phase of the book in no way detract from its merits as an excellent global survey of the oil industry.

Fiction. What kind of reading do you like to shorten and cool these long, warm days? In whatever direction your preferences fall, this week's selections of new novels almost certainly include something to please you. You're fond of long, incident-filled stories with colorful historical backgrounds and some of the magic and high purpose of the Bible? Before the leaves turn this year, the chances are that you and hundreds of thousands like you will be enjoying "The Silver Chalice" (page 18), Thomas B. Costain's new novel about the Holy Grail. You're following the new European novelists, especially those exciting Italians? "The Red Carnation" (below), one of the earlier works of Elio Vittorini ("In Sicily") has just been published in this country. You relish something light and sophisticated of the sort at which the English are such masters? Try J. D. Scott's "The Way to Glory" (page 17). You care for English settings and like talent even when it's just in the first stage? You'll enjoy Katherine Morris's "The Vixen's Cub," reviewed on page 17.

A Fierce & Timid Bloom

THE RED CARNATION. By Elio Vittorini. Translated by Anthony Bower. New York: New Directions. 244 pp. $3.

By Harvey Curtis Webster

THE writers of an age that has seen millions descend from the promise of childhood to the "maturity" that accepts violence and regimentation as a matter of course naturally find the period of adolescence unusually important. It is during this transitional period, they see, that the innocent selfishness of childhood begins to or may become the crass insensitivity that characterizes so many adults today. Since nearly all of the amazingly gifted Italian writers of our day felt the pressure to give up their individuality to the father image of Mussolini, it is understandable that they are particularly preoccupied with adolescence, for it was then that the best and worst impulses within themselves and those they knew were most evident.

Although it is not as perfect a novel as "In Sicily," Elio Vittorini's early book "The Red Carnation" deserves a high place among the contemporary novels that explore the formative years. It is about a seventeen-year-old student, Mainardi, who grew up in the tense years that immediately followed Fascism's seizure of power. A sensitive, rather naive boy from a wealthy family, he fails in love with Giovanna, an older girl who seems to him both desirable and beyond desire. Frustrated in his love for her, he begins to long for the love of Zobeida, a beautiful prostitute whom his best friend, Tarquinio, has described with ecstatic admiration. Feelings of guilt and insecurity that are partly personal and partly the consequence of living under totalitarianism impel him to become a Fascist, to try to join the air force, to endeavor to act with violent heroism so that the taint of childhood will be completely removed.

Mainardi is probably the most completely developed seventeen-year-old in contemporary literature. When he believes Giovanna may love him, he becomes "like a cock about to crow when I say to myself the word 'I'." His self-consciousness leads him to self-recognition, though not to realization of his best potentialities. He realizes his need for violent action is a substitute for requited love. He comes to understand that his joining the Fascists was greatly influenced by his antipathy for his father's renegade Socialism, that he artificially separates spiritual and physical love, that he is potentially both a thief and a murderer. His particular case vividly illuminates the general desire of adolescents in times of unrest to find some "form of authority which will relieve them of responsibility for their presumed wickedness and incompetence."

This revelation of the "whole truth" about Mainardi, who is both an individual and a representative case, makes "The Red Carnation" a valuable novel, but it is not nearly as satisfying a work of art as "In Sicily," which Vittorini completed only a year later. The minor characters are never very convincing, the symbolism is often strained, the action is too loosely integrated. Still there is a great deal more than the promise of future excellence in "The Red Carnation." Despite its occasional awkwardness, it is more deeply felt and more moving than Moravia's "Two Adolescents," and makes one anxious for the publication of Vittorini's novels which are said to be better than "In Sicily."

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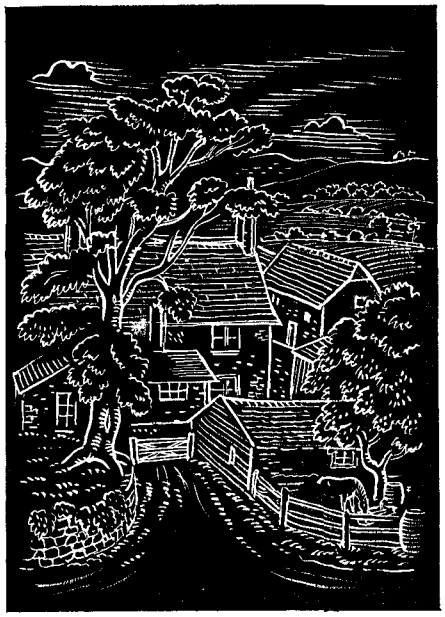
A Vexing Answer

THE VIXEN'S CUB. By Katharine Morris. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 224 pp. $3.

By Jane Voiles

TO SAY that in her first novel Miss Morris shows the same love of native scene and the same humane quality that we find in the fiction of Sheila Kaye-Smith, also a gift for the atmospheric phrase that suggests the prose of Rumer Godden, is not to say that she is imitative. The comparison is merely a rough attempt at some sort of classification. Miss Morris has impressed her own distinctive personality on the way her characters think and feel and on the way they face basic human problems as well as ultimate questions.

Crow's Wood farm in Nottinghamshire, home of the Cromwells, is the scene of the story which concerns itself chiefly with four characters, although there are some well-drawn minor ones: Willow Herron, niece of the Cromwells, Garnet and Groom Cromwell, and their mother, Clara. The theme is the familiar one of the conflict between good and evil. Clara, the vixen, a hard, discontented woman, leaves her husband and sons for another man early in the story. The characterization of Clara is over-obvious. Miss Morris is more successful in showing the effect of Clara's personality on the house and on her sons. Garnet, cub of the title, is compounded of cruelty and charm. To satisfy a kind of analytical curiosity, he charms people, especially women, and then discards them like so many useless specimens. Miss Morris gives Groom no engaging outer qualities. He loves the farm with a passion shared by Willow and he has the stability others turn to for support.



—Jacket design for "The Vixen's Cub."

Although no detailed description of Willow is given, she is real as a child and as a woman. First, you get the sense of her reality in the way Miss Morris makes you aware of the sharp consciousness of childhood and later, in Willow's sensitivity to new ways of seeing as she grows from adolescence to maturity. From a child Willow is insistent that nothing near her must be hurt or frightened. This is where her conflict with Garnet arises.

From the time she comes to Crow's Wood a child of eight, Willow fears Garnet. No matter what defenses she brings to her support, he hurts and humiliates her. Emotional tension between the two builds up, convincingly, to the time when fear in Willow turns to love, like "a sudden healing of release." And then, as you expect, comes the shattering of her ecstasy. It is in the way Miss Morris interprets the force of Willow's anger and pain, in "the act of self-recognition," that she shows her real promise as a writer.

In her transitions, Miss Morris is still an unsure craftsman. True enough, she lets her characters reveal their growth and change through their thoughts and speech but, sometimes, they think too much and say too little. On the credit side, there is a lovely, intangible quality to her writing. One of her own lines gives the best hint of it: "There's a curious sense of light there in the shadow, a kind of reflection." And, another important point, Miss Morris has a vision of life. Like Turgeniev and Thornton Wilder, she sees in the temporal an incarnation of the eternal but, because she states it a little too emphatically, she fails to put it over. You are confident, however, that in a future novel she is going to reveal it with more skill.

Sheepe Dog

By Ethel Jacobson

GREAT shaggy mound,
Wriggly as a guppy,
I know you, woolly mountain
That thinks it is a puppy;
Padded prow and stern
Alike, a canine ferry—
Yet here's a hint of wag
No swaddling fleece could bury!
And there beneath that thatch
I'm certain I can spy
One clownish and extravagantly
Amiable eye,
A scallop of small teeth,
And a pink, beguiling
Tongue that means that *this* end, too,
Is smiling!

The Old Pun

THE WAY TO GLORY. By J. D. Scott. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 291 pp. $3.

By Carl Victor Little

THIS fine old Southern gentleman has grown accustomed to being classified as a reactionary in sermons directed at the South by John Gunther, Eleanor Roosevelt, Harry Truman, and other self-styled exponents of tolerance and the brotherhood of man. All this I take in my wide philosophic stride.

But I grew apoplectic, upset my mint julep, and toppled from the veranda, soiling in the dust the Ku Klux robe the Yankees believe we-all wear, when I ran across a certain interesting social situation in this novel by young Mr. Scott, who has achieved distinction both as a public servant and a man of letters in England's classless society.

Mr. Scott sends his hero, Geoffrey Ansell, who believes with St.-Evremond that the way to glory lies in using our intelligence to direct our pleasures, to Paris. Geoffrey had married the boss's daughter, Tilly, empty-headed and neurotic. In a Paris riot Geoffrey meets Sara, a girl of casual affairs and a grade above a street-walker, perhaps a mezzanine-cavorter. Boy started living with girl five minutes later.

Then, surprise, surprise, our Geoffrey finds that his girl friend is of Negro ancestry. But Geoffrey is a Man of the Enlightenment, a Great Liberal, and thus has no nasty old prejudice. Neither has Lester, a journalist who undercuts Geoffrey, steals the girl, and marries her.

Now for the social situation that rolled me off the veranda. Geoffrey decides to do the sporting thing, as Englishmen will, and tells his wife of the affair. Wife Tilly bears up well but supposes she'll be somewhat rude to Sara when she meets Sara socially as Lester's wife. Then comes the kicker from Geoffrey, "She expects you to be rude. You're a white woman."

He had Tilly there. If Tilly treated her husband's ex-mistress rudely, Tilly would be misunderstood. People would think she was cutting Sara because of race. And that wouldn't do in this Era of Enlightenment.

In one of the most delightfully atrocious puns I've seen in a fortnight, Tilly exclaims, "Blackmail!" Ha, ha, and I'm sending my review

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copy to John Gunther and am purchasing additional copies to distribute among my Northern friends. You Northerners think you're advanced! You-all are black reactionaries, five centuries at least behind England.

One of Mr. Scott's chief faults is the one-itis. He asks, "How does one go about telling one's wife that one has committed adultery?" (Of course, the answer should be that one doesn't if one has good sense.) Mr. Scott sprinkles his ones through many a sentence. When one does that one shows deficiency in one's communication, doesn't one?

As a mildly exciting pot-boiler, no better or worse than the brilliant, tortured, questing young men are turning out by the thousands a year in England and America, this fills the entertainment bill.

But the theme—oh, well, one doesn't criticize the theme in a work of art (?), does one? The FEPCers will just love this. We-uns, meaning Dick Russell, Hummon Talmadge, your reviewer, and others of the benighted in the Darkest South, merely will wonder what gives in Merrie England and will look forward to the day when George Washington Lincoln Jones is His Majesty's First Minister. And we-all are not a bit amused, of course, at Blanche Knopf's latest find in Europe's literary woodpile.

Which Held the Blood

THE SILVER CHALICE. By Thomas B. Costain. New York: Doubleday & Co. 533 pp. $3.85.

By Edmund Fuller

GENERATIONS of us have been touched in our youth by the awesome spell of the quest of the Cup, the Holy Grail, the San Greal, the Chalice. It is one of the most potent and dramatic legendary motifs in the Christian tradition. I was captured by it, and loved it. Because of this, I approached Mr. Costain's novel about the Holy Grail with anticipation predisposed in its favor.

Unhappily, I found "The Silver Chalice" largely disappointing. It is a good story. Mr. Costain is much too able a teller of tales for it to be less than that. He is one of our leading practitioners of the historical novel, with emphasis on color and pageantry. He builds a book carefully and always supports it with a rich, convincing background. Yet this theme invited and demanded so much more than he has given it.

The most popular tradition of the Grail in our English heritage is that which has Joseph of Arimathea bringing the Cup to Britain, to the vicinity of Glastonbury. But Mr. Costain has not adopted this. He chooses the more plausible Antioch tradition.

His Joseph of Arimathea dies, much more logically, in Jerusalem. Joseph had caused Luke the Physician to bring from Antioch a boy silversmith, Basil, to make a chalice, an ornamented receptacle, to hold the unadorned, humble Cup of the Last Supper.

To complete the portrait designs for the chalice, Basil has to journey to Ephesus, to see the face of John, then to Rome, to study the face of Peter. It is in Rome, at the court of Nero, that Basil rises to the act of faith through which he is vouchsafed the final necessary vision of the face of Christ. When he has completed the chalice, back in Antioch, and the Cup reposes in it, both are lost, leaving only the comfort of Luke's prophecy that at a fitting time this holy relic and symbol will be given to men again.

Mr. Costain has embedded this central story in a plot of most ingenious complexity. It involves a long struggle by Basil to regain an inheritance of which he has been defrauded, and a rather contrived early marriage and late love story between Basil and Deborra, granddaughter of Joseph. The exploits of Simon Magus, the magician, and the baleful luster of Nero's court combine to heighten the coloring of the story.

Mr. Costain gains more from the figures of Luke, Joseph, Paul, and Peter than he brings to them. They are skilfully drawn and are moving, so far as the portrayals go. But the level of religious or spiritual emotion is never really deep. It carries the minimum charge the material would be certain to have under this much craftsmanship. It is too smooth to move us very much. There is little suffering in it.

I'm afraid the sacred mystery of the Cup and the profound awe which it should evoke simply elude Mr. Costain's grasp. This large book nowhere has the intensity of the single page in Malory in which the Cup is seen and Galahad, his mission finished, gives up the ghost. The anguished motif of the spear that pierced the side of Christ, commonly linked with the Cup, is unmentioned. The sacramental spell evoked in "Parsifal" is another instance of a magic which "The Silver Chalice" never captures.

What we have on our hands, then, is a good and probably popular romance. Alone it would call forth no deprecation. But the mystic luminosity of the Grail, like an X-ray, shines through and emphasizes the insubstantiality of its flesh.

"Stop doodling and take out the garbage."

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The Knots in a Good Rope

THE DEADWEIGHT. By Wayland Hilton-Young. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 221 pp. $2.50.

By Martin Rice

THE power of the obsessive feelings of fear and guilt which haunts and controls the neurotic has rarely been as persuasively recreated as in this first novel by Mr. Hilton-Young, who here makes an impressive fictional debut. His story is slight in form, highly restricted in its concern with a neurotic problem which he fails to universalize, but so deftly written, so graceful in style, so perceptive in its insights as to mark its author as more than a promising writer. Rather is he an already accomplished craftsman, the worth of whose future work will depend upon the weight of his material.

Anna Emerson is the central figure in "The Deadweight." Her guilty feelings began when at the age of three she threw up on the parlor carpet and stained it irrevocably. They were confirmed when, at the age of seventeen, she suddenly found herself emotionally entangled with her stepfather and, in shocked horror, ran away from her home, him, and his effect upon her. The adventitious death of her mother at this point became, in her mind, her responsibility. When some time later her fiancé was killed in an air accident, the pattern was established. She twists the circumstances of his death into a conviction of her guilt. She would, she knew then, destroy any person with whom she allowed herself to establish a relationship. The remainder and major portion of Mr. Hilton-Young's book is concerned with her struggle to break through this neurotic shell by means of a love affair. Her final failure here—responsibility for which is shared by a lover with obsessions of his own—drives her back to her stepfather and the patterns of her childhood.

Obviously this could have been a somber clinical study of a character far gone on the path of psychopathic withdrawal from the world. Mr. Hilton-Young's achievement is that while never overlooking the pathetic nature of Anna's problem, and sticking very close to the line of his narrative purpose, he manages not to overstress the abnormal in the situation. His heroine seems a fairly average person, at least on the surface, going through the routines of living with almost average effectiveness. It is in the skilful exposure of the fantasy life she is living beneath the surface that her real nature and its problems are unfolded. He attempts something similar with his secondary characters —Tim, who longs for the consolations of religious faith, Francis who seeks a metaphysical identification with the world through sex. These must be marked as failures or at best near misses. The author has provided too little background for their problems and his approach to them has not the incisive understanding which he has brought to those of Anna.

Here is a skilful and entertaining (if the word's more solid possibilities are remembered) probing into some of the psychic difficulties and discontents of the individual today.

Retreat from Home

THIS WAS THE OLD CHIEF'S COUNTRY. By Doris Lessing. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Co. 256 pp. $3.

By Edward J. Fitzgerald

DORIS LESSING, whose first novel, "The Grass is Singing," merited and received considerable critical acclaim, has now come forth with a collection of short stories which confirms her position as a writer of solid worth who works with consummate craft within a narrow emotional range. There are ten stories in "This Was the Old Chief's Country." In all of them the setting is Africa, but it is an Africa not of those whose rightful home it is but one perceived through the sensibilities of an alien colonist.

The feeling of alienation, of not-belonging, is Mrs. Lessing's central concern. Here, she says in effect, are the people who, by force of empire, control but do not understand a vast territory and a subtly hostile population. This perverse situation sets up in even the kindliest of them a complex of unresolved conflict and inevitable frustration which infects their every act. Five of her stories deal directly with the chasm which separates the rulers from the ruled, the colonist from the native. Of these the most moving is the first person narrative "The Old Chief Mahlanga" which recounts the discovery by a child of the fact that, as a daughter of a colonist, she is an alien and an intruder upon the land which is her only home, among the people with whom she must live. More conventional in form, "Leopard George" reveals the gradual brutalization of a sensitive man in flight from the responsibilities of any personal relationship. "The Nuisance" and "No Witchcraft for Sale" are slighter vignettes, variations on the central theme of an enforced failure of communication between master and man.

In her other stories Mrs. Lessing enlarges her view of alienation. "The Second Hut" and "The De Wets Come to Kloof Grange" treat of the separation of the entrenched landholder (English) from the hired Afrikaaner, "Old John's Place" deals with the intruder who is such mostly by virtue of being a newcomer to a settled community. "Winter in July"—the most ambitious and least successful story in the volume—discovers to us the psychological roots of a *menage à trois*.

These notes have stressed the thematic elements of Mrs. Lessing's stories. It should be emphasized that Mrs. Lessing is no polemicist. She is a story-

(*Continued on page* 35)

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Green-thumb Round-up

CAROL H. WOODWARD

GARDENERS like to talk about the "armchair gardening" they do—or think they're going to do—in winter. But no matter how many long-neglected books they peruse or catalogues they study, there is little they can accomplish except to read and learn, plan, and order seeds for later planting.

Midsummer, with the growing garden at hand for observation, seems a more logical time for reading garden books. The home grounds will doubtless gain in beauty and the gardener in technique with the stimulus of new ideas that are immediately applicable.

One of the most approachable of this season's books for gardeners is Cynthia Westcott's "Anyone Can Grow Roses" (Van Nostrand, $2). With these, her favorite flowers, the author has had many years of intimate experience, personal and professional. The pages glow as she writes about how to bring them to their fullest beauty.

Lilies probably rank second to roses as outdoor favorites among gardeners. Jan de Graaff in "The New Book of Lilies" (Barrows, $3.50) tempts the gardener with descriptions of new hybrids. His cultural directions are clearly given, and a chart at the end summarizes nearly all one needs to know about 150 different lilies.

The Southerner's pride today is the camellias in his yard. They are his year-round delight, his indoor decoration, and his gift to all who come. Dr. H. Harold Hume has responded to the passion for this flower in "Camellias: Kinds and Culture." (Macmillan, $6.50). There are seventy-two illustrations. The cultural notes which follow the description of each species in Donovan S. Correll's "Native Orchids of North America" (Chronica Botanica, $7.50; Stechert-Hafner, New York) make this book as valuable to the gardener as to the botanist. John V. Watkins of Florida tells how to grow the warm-climate sorts, and Edgar T. Wherry of Pennsylvania deals with the northern terrestrial types. For those who wish to grow the florist's type of orchids at home, the Oregon Orchid Society, Portland 14, has published an excellent seventy-two page guide, "Your First Orchids and How to Grow Them" ($1.15).

Among house plants many that are grown for foliage belong to the Arum family. The Chinese evergreen, the mother-in-law's tongue, and the various philodendrons are among them. M. R. Birdsey in "The Cultivated Aroids" (Gillick, Berkeley, $5) describes and illustrates about 130 of the commonest ones, including outdoor types seen in the South.

The annual volume entitled "Gardens and Gardening," which used to be put out in London, now is being issued by Studio-Crowell, New York ($5). The third to be produced here, the current volume contains articles by ten specialists on iris, delphinium, "paeonies," edging plants, carnations, ferns, and other subjects, with 150 truly glamorous illustrations in photogravure.

The garden books which influence the greatest number of people are always the general guides. Close upon the printing of a second 100,000 copies of the "Gardening Handbook," which T. H. Everett of the New York Botanical Garden wrote last year, Fawcett Books has issued a three-dollar hardcover edition of this work and has also published a new title, "Flower Garden Guide," for seventy-five cents.

In a totally different style—and a refreshing one—is "Modern Gardening" (Simon & Schuster, $3.95). In this P. P. Pirone, who is plant pathologist at the New York Botanical Garden, writes of chemicals with an ease which makes them seem familiar even to the amateur gardener.

It is good to see a properly scientific blast taken at the cult of organic gardening. Dr. Pirone's purpose is not to belittle the importance of organic matter—which, he points out, is physically desirable in a garden—but to explain the need for both chemical fertilizers and organic materials in the soil. A feature of the book is a listing of commercial products with the manufacturer's name, analysis, and use.

ALSO unique in style is Laurence Manning's "The How and Why of Better Gardening" (Van Nostrand, $3). In its attempt to help the gardener understand the effect of climate, soil, and all of his cultural practices on plants, this is essentially a background book through which the gardener can

Guides to Regional Planting

Book	*Region*	*Comment*
GARDEN TIME IN THE SOUTH *Mattie Abney Hartzog* (J. Horace McFarland: $6)	Entire southern half of country	General guide by chapters but no index; fine illustrations.
HOLLAND'S HANDBOOK FOR SOUTHERN GARDENERS *Ben Arthur Davis* (Farrar, Straus & Young: $3)	Gulf Coast and Southwestern states	Well organized, neat, and compact book with excellent index.
SOUTHERN HORTICULTURE *H. P. Stuckey* (Turner E. Smith, Atlanta: $3.39)	General South	Textbook on fruit and vegetable culture with section on home food crops.
WHAT TREE SHALL I PLANT *August Beilmann* (St. Louis Academy of Science: $1.50)	Middlewest	Fifty specific recommendations for a region of long summer droughts.
GARDEN GUIDE BY MONTHS FOR THE MIDWEST *Stanley McLane* (Glenn, Kansas City: $3.75)	Middlewest	Reliable book, outside of too many misspelled plant names.
ROCKY MOUNTAIN HORTICULTURE IS DIFFERENT *George W. Kelly* (Green Thumb Council, Denver: $1.50)	Rocky Mountain states—"a third of the U. S."	A much needed book for a difficult area, but too hastily compiled.
ROSES ILLUSTRATED *Sharp & Collins* (Western Trail, Portland: $5)	Pacific Northwest especially, but also other areas	Standard directions with 355 pictures packed into 160 pages.
SUBTROPICAL GARDENING IN FLORIDA *Nixon Smiley* (Farrar, Straus & Young: $4)	From Miami southward	Telling the Northerner, particularly, what to grow in Southern Florida and how.

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learn why plants behave the way they do under his care.

Gardening, like agriculture, is changing more at present than at any time in its history. New materials and techniques are coming into use; new varieties of plants are appearing annually. "America's Garden Book" by Louise and James Bush-Brown has been a favorite of many gardeners since it appeared in 1939. The 1952 edition (Scribner, $4.50) brings it up to date, notably with an added chapter on weed control and with new material on lawn care.

The new awareness of trees among people is heartening to see. It is not just that trees on watersheds are essential to our country's future well-being. It is not only that trees have importance for their economic uses. It is not alone the shade they cast or the flowers and fruit they bear. Trees have a spiritual value that is seldom surpassed in nature or art.

Especially for use outdoors where the book can be easily slipped into a pocket, Dr. A. H. Graves has written and published (at Wallingford, Conn.) "An Illustrated Guide to Trees and Shrubs of the Northeastern States," ($4). Illustrated by Maud Purdy, whose drawings alone would add value to any plant book, Dr. Graves's volume provides keys and brief descriptions for the wild and most commonly cultivated woody plants.

"A Book of Discovery" is the subtitle of "American Trees" (Dodd, Mead, $3.50). Its author, Rutherford Platt, sees much more than leaves in a tree. With an air of breathless excitement, he unfolds for the reader each tree's personality. He points out details of structure he has observed firsthand as he has traveled about the country, always searching out the characteristic growth of each region. "The oak is a positive tree," he says, "solidly engineered." He notes perfection in the maple's symmetry, from leaf to seed. A new system of identification is furnished by means of silhouette drawings. The author's camera has provided sixty photographs, eight in color, to illustrate the book.

Robert S. Lemmon's "Best Loved Trees of America" is just off the Doubleday press ($3.50), treating fifty-nine native trees with 320 photographs.

Meanwhile, a new set of keys to woody plants entitled "Trees and Shrubs in Eastern North America" by Benjamin Blackburn has appeared (Oxford, $6.50). Gardeners have yet to discover that to sit around a big table with branches to identify by the book can be as exciting as a parlor game. Before they exhaust the book's possibilities they will have found the names for 2,286 different kinds of trees, shrubs, and woody climbers.

WHETHER the Gulf Coast gardener wants a showy flowering tree or the North Dakotan needs a sturdy specimen that will endure his seasonal extremes of heat and cold, he can presumably find the finest sort for his situation by consulting "Trees for American Gardens" by Donald Wyman of the Arnold Arboretum (Macmillan, $7.50). End-paper maps show clearly by zones in color where each type of tree can be safely grown. Lists are provided on the basis of hardiness, height, spread, length of life, nature of flowers, fruits, foliage, uses, special faults and virtues—to name a few of the classifications.

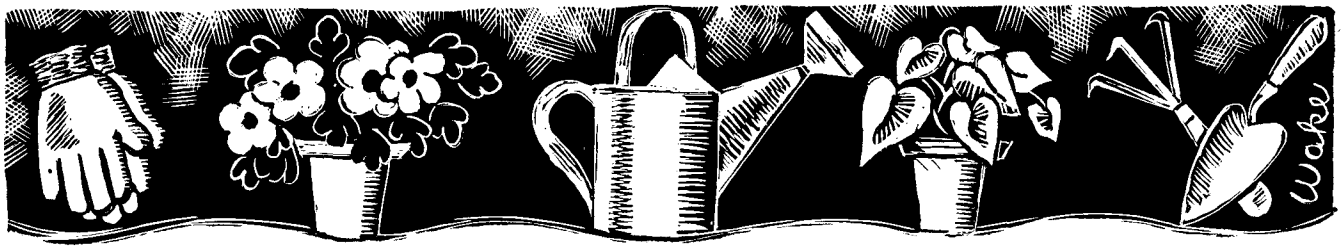
A good share of the half a million visitors who are expected in Colonial Williamsburg this year will be glad to have a handbook in which they can easily find the unfamiliar plants seen in the gardens. Raymond L. Taylor's "Plants of Colonial Days" (Colonial Williamsburg, $1.25) is ready for them now, with 160 illustrations. Clara McCarty's attractive "Story of Boxwood" (Dietz, $2) will also appeal to visitors in Williamsburg and other Southern garden spots.

Travelers who reach the Caribbean on their tours will find a new world opened to them in John V. Watkin's

(*Continued on page 36*)

Help for the Gardner

Title and Author	*What It Tells*
THE GARDENER'S TROUBLE SHOOTER *Victor H. Ries* (Sheridan House, $3.50)	Reliable advice on how to keep plants healthy told in simple language by a veteran at the job.
GARDEN HOUSEKEEPING *Mary Deputy Lamson* (Oxford, $3.50)	How to carry out efficiently and simply each seasonal chore in the garden.
THE PLANT DOCTOR *Cynthia Westcott* (Lippincott, $3)	How to keep the garden healthy; also how to combat pests and diseases when they do strike.
YOUR LAWN *Geoffrey S. Cornish* (Authentic Publications, New York, 50c)	How to start a lawn and take care of it from year to year in both North and South.
OUR GARDEN SOILS *Charles S. Kellogg* (Macmillan, $4)	How to determine one's type of soil and how to improve it. Technical information translated for the home gardener.
ELEMENTS OF PLANT PROTECTION *Louis Pyenson* (Wiley, $4.96)	How to protect the garden from insects, diseases, and weeds; a text in simple language with much interesting materal.
PRINCIPLES OF WEED CONTROL *Ahlgren, Klingman & Wolf* (Wiley, $5.50)	How to combat unwanted plants on a large scale, chiefly with chemicals; good background information for any weed problem.
AMERICAN WILDLIFE AND PLANTS *Martin, Zim & Nelson* (McGraw-Hill, $7.50)	How to understand the birds and animals that invade the garden either as friends or foes. Tells what each creature eats and what each plant is eaten by. Life histories, descriptions, and distribution maps for hundreds of plants and animals.
WEED SEEDLINGS *Anna P. Kummer* (University of Chicago Press, $5)	How to tell a weed from a flower in its early stages through 300 detailed illustrations with descriptions.



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The Saturday Review

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Speech for A Presidential Candidate

Fellow Americans:

This is my first speech since I was selected to be the candidate of my party for the Presidency of the United States.

I owe it to you to tell you about my plans for this campaign and about the central issue facing us in this election year.

The first thing I want to say is that I respect my opponent. I believe he is motivated by high intentions. I cannot assume that those intentions are less high than my own.

I do not believe that my opponent is a Communist or a Fascist or that he is involved in any plot to subvert the Government of the American people. I cannot assume that his patriotism is less pure than my own.

I know nothing about the private life of my opponent. Even if I did, I do not see that such knowledge has any place in the campaign.

In short, I do not question the integrity, good faith, honesty, or sincerity of the other man who comes before you as candidate for the highest office that any free government in the world has to offer. We are both products of a two-party system that can continue to serve the American people only if it earns and receives their respect.

Accordingly, I have requested that my supporters in this campaign refrain from the mud-slinging that has unfortunately disfigured so much recent political controversy. We hold lightly the basic decency and intelligence of the American people if we assume that they are less interested in fair-minded debate of the issues than they are in a public competition to destroy character.

In good faith and in complete sincerity, then, I invite my opponent to debate with me the central issue of this campaign as I see it.

* * *

Now that this is out of the way, I want to say that I am sure I need not tell the American people that I come before them with the utmost humility. The crisis in which we find ourselves—a world crisis and a human crisis—is so large that no man can pretend to have all the answers. The affairs of our nation—indeed, the affairs of all nations and of man himself—have become so complicated that I would have to be superhuman if I could offer you sure-fire solutions and answers to all the problems that are part of this vast crisis.

What I can do, however, is to try to discuss the nature of these big problems with you so that we can think them through together.

Let us begin by taking the problem at its largest.

The problem at its largest is not the state of the nation but the condition of man. Even before we are members of this or that nation or this or that group we are human beings. As human beings we are confronted today with a common challenge so great as to dwarf by comparison the issues and problems that exist within the nation or between the nations.

This human community of ours is not an organized community but it is a community nonetheless. We reside on the same planet. That planet has now become a single neighborhood. We have common needs, common dangers, common hopes, common fears. This is the central meaning of our times; it is what distinguishes the twentieth century from all previous centuries. The human family, starting as a single unit and spreading into separate lands, has crossed the last frontier only to create a single unit of itself again. Is this unit, this neighborhood, to become a safe and proper place for man?

The problem at its largest, then, is the problem of human destiny. It is the problem of a human family that has made the world small without making it whole. We must not allow the political and ideological questions that absorb us and torment us to obscure that fact. We must not allow the pressures and tensions of international unrest, which are part of the problem, to be viewed as the entire problem.

It is in this spirit that I speak to you today. For the real issues of this campaign, it seems to me, are far broader and potentially far more inspiring than the usual issues over which we argue so mightily in a Presidential year. The real issues center around the meaning of America in the present human crisis. They concern our ability to understand what moral leadership and moral responsibility mean. History could pay the American people no greater tribute than to say that both political parties came before it in this Presidential year vying with each other in answering the question: "How can America best serve the ends of man?" Let the campaign be decided not according to the special favors we promise Americans but according to the sacrifices we ask of them in justifying our favored position in this world.

I HAVE no doubts about the capacity of the American people to respond to that type of appeal. Indeed, the great mistake we have made in recent years was to assume that Americans would mobilize and sacrifice for war but would not mobilize and sacrifice equally for peace. I believe deeply in the natural greatness and the natural goodness of the American people. I believe this greatness and goodness has only to be appealed to in order to become manifest.

The test of a democracy in a time of crisis is measured not so much by the confidence of the people in their government as by the confidence of the government in the people. No greater mistake can be made by leaders of a free people than to hold back in what has to be done because of doubts they may hold that the people may not be ready for big decisions. This is to hold the people lightly. Americans don't have to be coddled or eased along before they are ready to consider and act on bold facts. The crisis of our time will not solve itself. It will not wait while Government leaders hold

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back because they are not sure the people are equal to the test before them.

What specifically are the big decisions of which I speak? These decisions are concerned with the problem at its largest that I referred to a moment ago; which, to repeat, is whether the world neighborhood is to be made safe and congenial for human beings.

Here are some facts which are related to that problem.

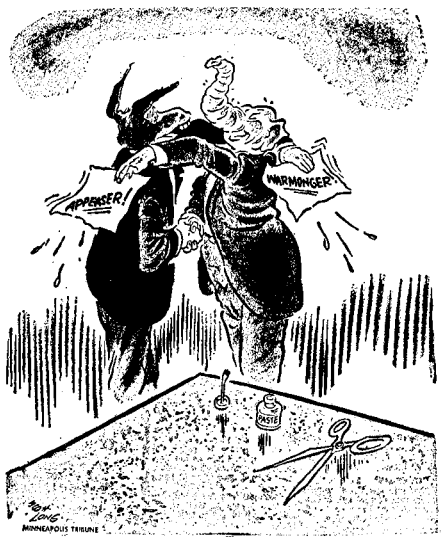
The first fact is that every four years there are 100,000,000 more people in the world—which is the equivalent of the population of a new major nation.

The second fact is that the good earth is shrinking. Each year billions of acres are abandoned because they are dry or devitalized and can no longer yield food.

The third fact is that the world's mineral resources are not inexhaustible. Coal, oil, iron ore, timber—all these are being used up faster than new sources are being developed or discovered.

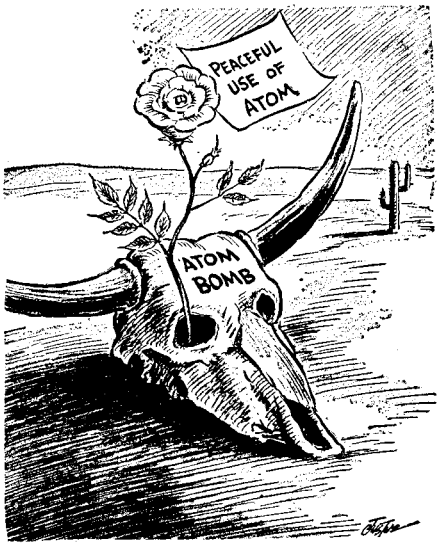
The fourth fact is that a large portion of the resources and vital energies of the world's peoples are being poured into preparation for war. The reason for this is the lack of an adequate security system to protect the world against aggression and lawlessness.

The fifth fact is that another war, if it comes, will be fought with whatever weapons are available. So far no adequate defense has been devised against such weapons. At the present time, it can only be said that counter-attack constitutes a possible deterrent. In any event, all cities are now vulnerable. A single bomb can now destroy a major city. The area of destruction for a single bomb has now



—*Scott Long in the* Minneapolis Tribune.

"When Good Fellows Get Together."



—*Justus in the* Minneapolis Star.

"Rose in the Desert."

been increased to 100 square miles.

The sixth fact, related to the fifth, is that another major war may not necessarily alter the conditions that make human life possible on this planet, but it could destroy industrial society, decimate the world's population, enfeeble peoples everywhere, and deprive them of such means as are now available for attacking hunger, disease, homelessness.

The seventh fact is that we live in an age that is trying to find itself. If any description can be given to our generation—and here I am thinking of all men everywhere—it is that this is a generation in search of its soul. It is a generation looking for spiritual and intellectual anchorage at a time of uncertainty and upheaval.

The eighth fact is that almost half the people in the world are hungry or sick or poorly housed.

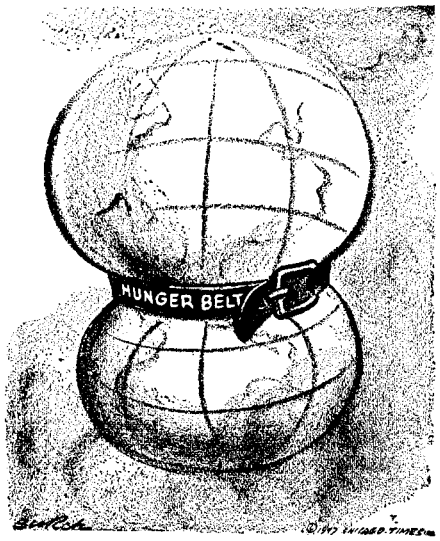
The ninth fact is that many of the world's peoples are shopping for a revolution. These peoples do not have to be persuaded of the importance of freedom, but the longing for freedom takes different forms in different places. There is the longing for freedom from outside rule. There is the longing for freedom from indignity. People want the chance to prove their worth, a chance to prove that the color of their skin has nothing to do with their right to walk with a feeling of decency and self-respect among their fellow men. There is the longing for freedom from legalized abuse—whether economic, social, or political.

The tenth and final fact is that the human race today is without representation in those matters of common concern to all peoples. Such representation as the individual does possess is largely nominal and is not concerned with the basic threats to his existence. A nation may attempt to provide justice for dealings between its own citizens, but it cannot protect its citizens against injustice between nations—and the consequence of injustice between nations are far more dangerous to the individual today than injustice between citizens within a nation. In fact, the nation is no longer able to fulfill its historical role: to protect the lives and property of its citizens. War is no longer between armies but between populations, and the question of war and peace is no longer within the determination of any single state.

THESE ten facts, I believe, represent the central questions of our time. Food, peace, freedom. These are the big challenges arising from these facts. No nation, no people, can exempt itself from the need to ponder them; Americans least of all, because of our position of potential leadership, can afford to ignore them or regard them as secondary to other issues. I certainly do not believe these issues are to be avoided in the present political campaign. Only when we see, study, and tackle these issues in their boldest outlines will we have earned the right and perhaps the luxury to indulge ourselves in the conventional type of election-year campaigning and debating.

I am willing to admit to my opponent that I do not have all the answers to all these questions. But I am not willing to admit that these questions must not be fully aired or that in the course of full public discussion we may not have clearer ideas concerning our approach to these questions than we have now. Putting it more affirmatively: I believe that the answers are not beyond our comprehension. The predicament is a human predicament, one clearly within our reach to solve.

As we think about these ten facts



—*Burck in the* Chicago Times.

"Two Worlds."

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or questions, certain things do come to mind. We know, for example, that there is an answer to the shrinkage of the world's arable land. In the agricultural laboratories today we stand on the threshold of astounding discoveries that can reclaim vast lands now given up for dust. Already there have been developed rejuvenating chemicals that have substantially increased the food yield, or that have compensated for loss of rain. New types and sources of food are being developed. Chemical gardening and farming is a rich and fast-growing new prospect.

We know, too, that vast new sources of energy are opening up. Much more research needs to be done in tapping and utilizing the boundless energy of the sun, but even now the scientists have been able to develop on a modest scale solar heat traps. These traps can be used for small energy requirements, for heating, or for refrigeration. The promise and potential usefulness of such sun-traps for countries of large agricultural populations near the equator excites the imagination.

Another highly promising development concerns the utilization of the vast resources of the oceans. We have yet to make an intensive and full-scale exploration of all the possibilities. Already, however, magnesium and other resources yielded up by the oceans give us bright and reasonable expectations concerning the shape of things to come.

All this even before we mention atomic energy. So far, the overwhelming bulk of the efforts of science has gone into the use of atomic energy for purposes of war. But even the comparatively modest efforts made thus far for purposes of power and medicine have been enormously productive and promising. We have only to attach the same importance to atomic energy for creative ends that we do for destructive ends in order to bring about incalculable benefits in terms of increased power, improved standard of living, longer life expectancy.

All these mind-stretching new developments—in agricultural and chemical research, in mining the ocean's wealth, in solar and atomic energy—make it theoretically possible for us to solve the present critical dwindling food supply and resources at a time of increasing population. In fact, there is now the distinct possibility that we can bring about a golden age of man. Up to now, only certain peoples at certain times have been favored by a golden age. But we know today that a golden age of the human community is a distinct promise. We have the skill, we have the knowledge, we have the means.

How can we fulfil such a promise? Obviously, little or nothing can be done so long as the world's peoples live under war or the fear of war. Our energies, our ingenuity, our imagination—no less than our resources and our wealth—are poured into the means of physical protection against violence in a lawless world. We are arming ourselves, but we know that armaments are not the final answer. We arm, but we are not deceiving ourselves about the cost—in the expenditure of human effort and money, in the increasing strain upon our economy, in the pressures and tensions it creates within the nation, and, finally, in delaying or blocking the release of our energies in the making of a better world.

Yes, we arm, but there must be some other and better way to protect peoples against lawlessness. Surely the destiny of the human community must be something finer and more meaningful than a precarious existence under the shadow of guns and bombs. I cannot bring myself to believe that the human mind, capable of almost infinite comprehension and inventiveness, cannot devise the means of enforceable peace. Nor can I bring myself to believe that a few predatory states could effectively block the firmly expressed will of the overwhelming majority of the world's peoples to establish the rule of law among nations.

War is an invention of the human will. The human will can invent peace.

MY platform, then, is a simple one. I propose that we Americans dedicate ourselves to the cause of the human community. I propose that we rise above what are after all petty and secondary quarrels and issues and assert the moral stature with which our past has invested us. I propose that we invite representatives of all peo-

ples to join with us in considering the problems of man within the framework of human destiny and not within the narrow framework of coalitions or alliances. I propose a fresh start within the United Nations. Let us not be timid about what the United Nations needs or what it must become if it is to eliminate anarchy from the world neighborhood. Let us not shrink from the concept of government on a world scale. This is what the human race needs. This is what it deserves.

The response of certain leaders of certain nations to such a proposal does not trouble me. I am more concerned about the genuineness and good faith of our own proposal. I know, too, that it will be impossible for such rulers to keep from their people the fact that there is a mighty movement in the world on behalf of peace, food, and freedom, or that this movement has behind it the integrity, sincerity, and resoluteness of countless millions of human beings. It is not an exclusive or selfish movement. It seeks nothing except the greater good of man.

What others may fail to do is of less concern to me than what we ourselves fail to do. The forward thrusts in history have not always been the product of universal assent but of courageous and persistent leadership behind a great idea. Ours is the business of hope. Let us not undervalue the striking power—even in supposedly impregnable places—of the idea and hope that purposeful peace is possible and that the golden age of man can be a reality. —N. C.

Bookmarks

A few weeks ago we gladly ceded space to a correspondent who good-naturedly took exception to the general use of the verb "to hospitalize." We have a letter in rebuttal from Oscar D. Ratnoff of Shaker Heights, O., who says: "There's nothing wrong with 'to hospitalize,' and its virtues as a space-saver are obvious." This pronouncement carries some cogency (or at least gains some of our sympathy) from the fact that Oscar D. Ratnoff subscribes M.D. after his name. Fair enough—let's assign "hospitalize" accredited status as a trade term. We're slightly surprised that the medical profession hasn't reduced it to a simple initial. Everybody, by this time, thanks to crime stories and crime programs, knows what DOA stands for, but there are other hospital initial formulas that have yet to gain general currency. One such that the laity could conveniently adopt is AA—"against advice."

* * *

A correspondent who, for her own protection, will here be identified merely as a lady in eastern Massachusetts complains to us about a fragment of American idiom of which she properly disapproves. "My garageman," she writes, "uses it as a euphemism for 'I didn't do anything about it,' but what he actually says is 'I couldn't do too much about it.'". —J. T. W.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Pear Trees and the Artist

▶ I HAVE ENJOYED Miss Hamilton's books and marveled at her insight into ages past. I was surprised and disappointed at her condemnation and complete lack of understanding—not only of Faulkner, but of all the contemporary arts.

Our world no longer is a classic one, symmetrical and perfectly formed. Our art, therefore, cannot reflect a non-existent halcyon world. And as to the premise stated in the article that abstracting nature means automatically that nature is hated, I think that Miss Hamilton is swallowing Picasso's remark too easily. It has been a long accepted principle of esthetics that it is the artist's right to rearrange and distort reality. It is to be remembered that one cannot abstract nature until nature is understood. The main job of the artist, whether he be painter, writer, or dancer is communication, and if he wants to make a pear tree look like a drowned woman, all well and good, providing he is saying something by doing it. I think Faulkner is.

What is most shocking is Miss Hamilton's complete lack of understanding of what Faulkner is really saying. I am sure she has read enough to realize that what a character says is not always to be regarded as the author's basic tenet in life, but is used perhaps as character delineation—something which in the article, Faulkner is accused of lacking.

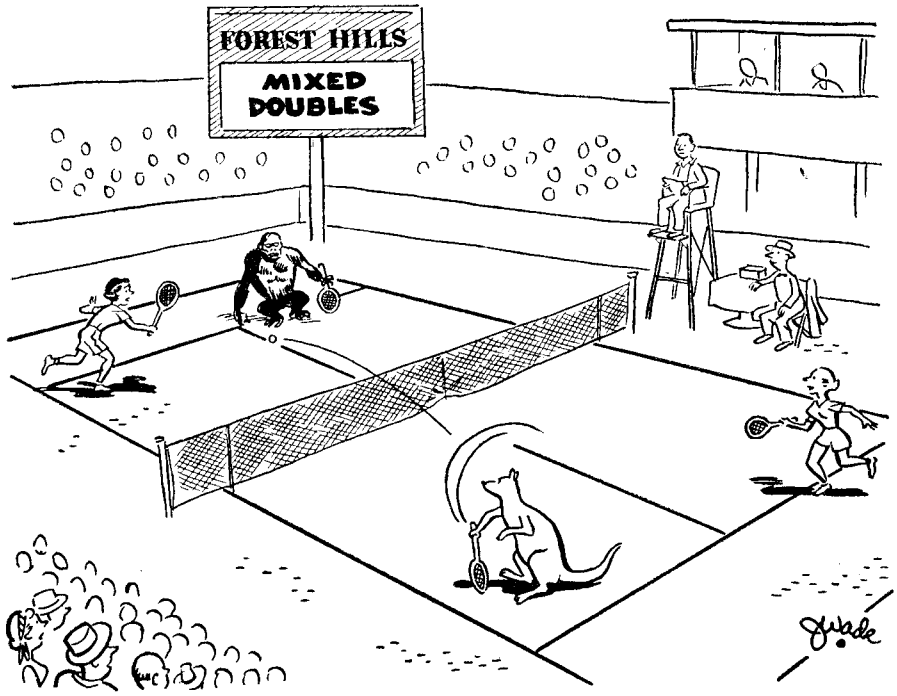
Miss Hamilton missed by miles in calling Faulkner a Puritan, although his technique in showing his philosophy is somewhat puritanical. That is, he is negating first in order then to accept something positive. He has been stating over and over again just what his stirring Nobel acceptance speech said. Cannot Miss Hamilton hear throughout all of Faulkner's works the outraged cry for human dignity—"This is the way things are, but they should not be thus. Man is good—do not let him sink so low!"

NORMA LISS.

New York, N. Y.

Third Man Aggressors

▶ MUCH OF WHAT Mowrer speculates about are essentially Fascistic ideas, but cloaked skilfully in reverence for and admiration of our "American Way of Life." In order to create the Third Man, it would be necessary to abandon our democracy and all its fine characteristics. Mowrer seems to favor this. It seems such a simple and easy way to solve the world problem. All that is needed is a new synthetic ideology; one which includes the finer ideals and brutal aggressiveness. Unfortunately, for Mr. Mowrer, one cannot so readily throw economics, politics, and sociology into discard and solve world problems by substituting ideologies. I would suggest as a counter-proposal, the discarding of all forms of ideology and substituting a rational approach to actual reality instead. This is not necessarily limited to making war aggressively with A-bombs, or submitting to subjugation. There are many alternatives in a complex world—if one abandons the limited two-way orientation that Mr. Mowrer insists upon emphasizing.



Mr. Mowrer indicates that "something has happened to Western mentality." They have become more civilized as a result of industrialization and higher living standards. He seems to ignore that such a process may occur too with "the aggressive hate-filled society—like the U.S.S.R." If it happened to the formerly aggressive American and Western European, why would not the same result occur with the Russians? They have adopted the Western technology, the Western industrialization, the assembly line production method—radios, automobiles, dress, refrigeration, atom bombs, militarism, nationalism, and all corresponding characteristics of the Western culture. Indeed, they are "out-westernizing the West." If they had remained essentially Russian and feudal, there would be no present-day problem of survival for the free world. But for Mowrer these brutal, hateful people cannot react and change as other nations like America, England, Scandinavia, Netherlands, France, Portugal, etc. They can adopt all our ways of life—movies, cosmetics, subways, go-getting, bragging, atom-bombs, and "defending" democracy in bordering countries—in short, they can become thoroughly Westernized and rapidly, too, but still remain Type One. There seems to be something wrong in logic here. But why worry about logic when one can envision a "Third Man" American who while he aggressively drops A-Bombs onto a "backward people" will tell them how he loves them and is trying to further the finer ideals of democracy and the American way of life.

A. P. GYVING.

Los Gatos, Calif.

Abuse of History

▶ SINCE EDGAR ANSEL MOWRER'S "The Third Man" [*SR* July 5] purports to be based on history, some protest against his notion of history seems warranted.

He uses a letter his grandfather wrote in 1864 and a casual sentence by Cordell Hull in 1940 to prove that Americans are growing less willing to fight than they used to be. Any serious historian could have told him that the only war in which a large proportion of Americans were more reluctant to fight than in the Civil War was the Revolutionary War, our first. From a sour remark by Hanson Baldwin and a disgusted one by a soldier in Korea he concludes that Americans these days have no stomach for fighting, are declining in military valor. The record, from Long Island, Bladensburg, and First Bull Run to Chateau Thierry, Tarawa, and Seoul signally fails to agree. Since Mowrer asserts that the more civilized men become, the poorer soldiers they make, he is naturally even harsher (and more unfair) about the courage of the English, French and Italians, the Dutch, Danes and Swedes than he is about his countrymen. Sooner or later, unless we can defend our civilization "against history itself," he says, we must succumb to the Russian "barbarians," since the over-civilized prefer servitude to war. "What happened to Rome is roughly what happens in all cases of great and flourishing civilizations."

Perhaps that sentence, by itself, should be ample warning to the judicious. It

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contains two enormous over-simplifications characteristic of the abusers of historical analogy, the implication that Mr. Mowrer knows just why Rome fell (because the Romans were cowards, he says elsewhere), and the positive assertion of an invariability in the process of history from which not only Toynbee, but even Spengler would shrink.

As for the rest of Mr. Mowrer's history, it is just not true that historic man displays two main types, the barbarous but warlike, and the civilized but cowardly. History and anthropology show not two but hundreds of patterns of culture including the civilized but warlike, and the uncivilized but peaceable, all the creations of one species, Man. It is not true, either, that most civilizations have perished from pacificism. Most of them seem to have destroyed themselves and each other by excessive militarism. (*Vide* Toynbee, Mowrer's choice among authorities at this kind of guesswork.) It would be fairer to say that past civilizations have perished not because they were over-civilized but because they were not civilized enough.

GARRETT MATTINGLY.

New York City.

Nightmare of Barbarism

▶ I FELT SICK after reading the Edgar Ansel Mowrer review of Leland Stowe's "Conquest by Terror," [*SR* May 17] a shocking report on conditions in Eastern Europe and elsewhere in the Communist domain.

The mind rejects the fact that such horrors go on day after day, year after year, and demands that they be stopped. But no one seems to offer any real hope for those suffering millions. For, as we have seen, no fully sovereign nation will be told how it can or cannot treat its own people. This leads to one conclusion: such authority must be exercised by an international agency with actual governing powers. Although some "realists" hold out to the contrary, we need only look around at our cities, our country, and our world to see that it is asking too much of individuals or nations to expect them all to abide by mere agreements or unenforceable laws. World government must go beyond the control of armaments; it must guarantee some basic freedom and security to every man, woman, and child on earth; yet it must stop short of interference in purely national affairs. This is a big order, but I feel that it is the only alternative to a nightmare of barbarism and is therefore the goal toward which, more than any other, citizens of all nations need to be working at this minute. We dare not give up hope of its achievement.

L. LEE.

Monrovia, Calif.

Balzac in the Garret

▶ THERE IS DISAGREEMENT regarding N.C.'s statement [*SR* July 5] that, "Whatever his (Balzac's) personal inadequacy as a budget balancer, however, we do know that he worked poorly or not at all when unable to pay his bills."

According to Zweig: "The two worlds in which he (Balzac) lived, the real and the imaginary, were hermetically sealed off from one another. As a creative artist he was able to immure himself so effectively in the world of his mind that the storms which raged round his external existence were shut out. The visionary who sat at a little table unfolding the destinies of a multitude of characters by the light of his flickering candles had nothing in common with the other Honoré de Balzac who was being sued for debt and having his furniture seized by the bailiffs. He was not in the slightest degree affected by the despairing moods of the Honoré de Balzac who lived and had his being in the world of actuality.

"He was at his best as an artist when things were at their worst. Worries and cares were transmuted in some mysterious way into an intenser inward concentration, and nothing is more true than his comment, 'My finest flashes of inspiration always came to me in my moments of deepest anxiety and distress.'"

But Zweig also says, regarding Balzac's "Louis Lambert" (written in six weeks): "The philosophical theories were wound up in hasty improvisation, and one's admiration is tinged with regret for the spoiling of a work which more than any other gives us the measure of its author's potentialities."

There is no doubt that, in efforts to satisfy his publisher's demands for works (which, incidentally, were paid for in advance) uncalculable damage was done to many—if not most—of his productions. And, of course, the effects of Balzac's strenuous routine led to an early death. However poorly, Balzac did write under adverse conditions.

RONALD NADLER.

Philadelphia, Pa.

Lower Depths

▶ AS A STAUNCH but liberal Presbyterian, I must protest the inclusion of cartoons such as the one in the July 19 issue on page 5. Quite bluntly, I consider it sacrilegious.

The idea is not funny nor is the subject matter from which it is drawn, I suggest that your cartoonists not mix the heights of the sacred with the lower depths of the secular. It only offends your readers.

I am neither religiously fanatical nor of the spinsterish age that delights in attacking all things as "un-Christian" or "indecent." I am merely angry at such a cheap, unethical approach to humor.

APRIL WALTERS.

Titusville, N. J.

Middle Road

▶ WHAT A RELIEF to read "History in Doublethink" [*SR* June 28] after having waded through the confused and muddled thinking evidenced in some of the articles on "Witness" and letters to the Editor concerning those articles.

The current hero-worshipping of ex-Communists is only equalled in stupidity to the elevation of ex-Nazis to their former positions of power in Germany in order to stop Communism.

Those blind followers of ex-Communists are the very ones who have committed us to a foreign policy which rushes to the aid of such liberty-loving, anti-Communists as Syngman Rhee, Chiang Kai-shek, and Tito.

Frankly, I have always believed there

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was a middle road between the above-named gentlemen and Stalin, Malik, and Molotov.

To most of us FDR kept us on this vital middle road when the ex-Communists, then Communists, wanted to lead us up their primrose path and their opposite number wanted us to follow the black road of Nazism.

ALAN SWABACKER.

Berkeley, Calif.

Relative Truth

▶ THE SHREWD YANKEE common sense of Elmer Davis is always refreshing, but it has rarely been shown to better advantage than in his "History of Doublethink," tops for timeliness and for wisdom.

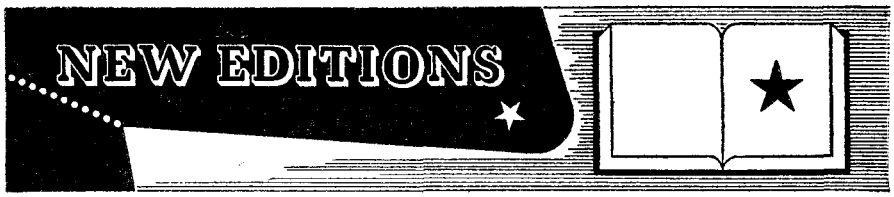
One remark of Mr. Davis, on the arrogance of Communists as the most irritating thing about them, leads to another. Mr. Davis attributes their arrogance to the excessive encouragement given them by Congressional committees, etc. No doubt that encourages arrogance, or at least gives it a platform. But the origin of that arrogance probably lies deeper. To be a good Communist or a good Fascist, one must first be possessed by the temperament that delights in absolutes.

Men are burned at the stake because religious zealots know absolutely that their own views are the only true views. Men are guillotined because their judges know absolutely that the political principles by which these victims have been judged are the only true politics. Communists proscribe, banish to hard labor in mines because their top-group know absolutely the only economic principles by which the world can be saved.

In short, the God of Absolute Truth or Revealed Truth is the only true god, and all His children are necessarily arrogant because so sure of their principles. Since Absolute Truth knows no doubt, no compromise, it is necessarily stationed at the extreme left or the extreme right. It is only a step from one extreme to another because both extremes are governed by one form or another of Absolute Truth. But it's an untravelable distance from either of these extremes of absolutism to the temple of moderation, where dwells relative truth—and a sense of humor.

BENJAMIN H. KIZER.

Spokane, Wash.



THE art of writing letters is one that the English have cultivated with signal success. High on the roll of honor in this field stands the name of Thomas Gray, who lives in most minds by virtue of a single poem, and whose retired, fastidious, enjoyably melancholy life was largely devoted to the acquisition of unfruitful knowledge, within the walls of two Cambridge colleges, where he much preferred the conversation of dead authors to that of living dons. If one would swallow his correspondence whole, one must turn to the Oxford University Press edition of the letters, in three volumes, but one can get more than a fair taste of his quality and variety from "The Selected Letters of Thomas Gray" (Farrar, Straus & Young, $3.75), edited with an excellent introduction by Joseph Wood Krutch.

Unlike Horace Walpole, Gray wrote to be read only by his friends and acquaintances, not by posterity. "As to posterity, I may ask (with somebody whom I have forgot), what has it ever done to oblige me?" But his wit, intelligence, descriptive powers, and gift of verbal playfulness combined to make his letters enduringly enjoyable, no matter what he chose to write about, within a range that included George III's tumultuous coronation, the artificial gardens of Versailles, d'Alembert's "Elements" ("dry as a stick, hard as a stone, cold as a cucumber"), Chatsworth, atheism, Lord Shaftesbury's vogue as a philosopher, the diversions of a Florentine Lent, the Grande Chartreuse, "that perfection of nastiness, & total want of accommodation, that Scotland alone can supply," his reasons for refusing to become Poet Laureate, ardent studies in several fields, and the death of a certain Dr. Chapman: "He is gone to his grave with five mackerel (large and full of roe) in his belly. He eat them all at one dinner; but his fate was a turbot on Trinity Sunday, of which he left little for the company beside bones."

To turn from Gray's correspondence to "The Letters of Samuel Taylor Coleridge" (British Book Centre, $3.50), edited and introduced and annotated by Kathleen Raine, is to pass from a pleasantly clouded meadow into a dark wood, where the rocky paths draw blood and the winds are wild. The Master of Pembroke once said, and he has often been echoed, that Gray "never spoke out." Coleridge, on the contrary, spoke out with a frankness that is often painful to those who read his words, for his letters are, among other things, a running record of a life that was racked by mental and physical anguish, and by an unending warfare between intellectually creative and self-destroying forces. Among the sufferings recorded at length are, of course, those caused by what Coleridge characteristically called his wife's "unintermitting dyspathy." But these letters are, too, the best introduction to Coleridge's mind and more formal writings. The gloom of the wood is often dissipated by the bright light of a powerful intelligence and by darting rays of humor.

FROM Barnes & Noble come new editions of three books by one of the authors I most dearly cherish—Helen Waddell. They are the matchless "Medieval Latin Lyrics" ($3.50), in which Miss Waddell's beautiful translations face the original texts; "The Wandering Scholars" ($4.50), surely one of the most fascinating literary histories ever written; and "Beasts and Saints" ($2.50), a charming anthology of "stories of the mutual charities between saints and beasts from the end of the fourth to the end of the twelfth century." One may borrow Helen Waddell's own words to say that she, like Sulpicius, has "a sidelong glancing wit, and a way of writing prose that runs like water."

Received, with various degrees of pleasure: Anthony Trollope's "Phineas Redux" (World's Classics Double, Oxford, $2); Thomas Wolfe's "Look Homeward Angel" (Scribner's, $2.75), illustrated by Douglas Gorsline, introduced by Max Perkins; "District of Columbia," (Houghton Mifflin, $5), a trilogy by John Dos Passos; Budd Schulberg's "What Makes Sammy Run" (Modern Library, $1.25); "The Flowering of New England" (American Editions of Everyman's Library, Dutton, $1.45), by Van Wyck Brooks; John Kieran's "Footnotes on Nature" (Doubleday, $3); "The City Boy" (Doubleday, $3.50), by Herman Wouk; Gladys Hasty Carroll's "Dunnybrook" (Macmillan, $3.75); and the perennial but indelibly dated "Trilby" (Everyman's, $1.25).

—BEN RAY REDMAN.

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SR Goes to the Movies

BIG THREE

—*From "Ivanhoe."*

Elizabeth Taylor at the stake—"the *appearance* of history."

ON a visit to Hollywood a while back I was blithely assured by the production chief at one of the largest studios that every picture on his schedule for the coming year would be a great one. "Not one," he said, "will cost less than a million dollars." It's still a favored maxim out there that the more you spend on a picture, the better it will be. But money isn't everything, not even in the movie business. The industry has piled up quite an impressive list of high-priced failures. Several million dollars in one undigested lump can be an awful bore, and some of the mightier multi-million dollar spectacles have been spectacular chiefly for their stupidity.

On the other hand, a couple of million dollars spent wisely can bring forth something fairly impressive, and that seems to be the case with "Ivanhoe," M-G-M's opening gun for the new movie season. Sir Walter Scott's familiar classic presents a multitude of pitfalls to the incautious film maker. Certainly no literal translation could be attempted, and any number of projected treatments have wound up on the shelf. Aeneas MacKenzie, however, has come along with a compromise that should please most parties, even though liberties have been taken both with Scott and with history.

An introduction shows Ivanhoe roaming the Austrian countryside in search of the imprisoned King Richard, a role generally assigned in literature to the minstrel Blondel. There has been some radical reconstruction in the character of Isaac the Jew, and a gentle elision of the fact that all Scott's worst villains were Knights of the Temple. The story line has been greatly simplified and straightened too, but MacKenzie has managed to preserve all of the novel's high points and most of its key personnel. The result is a rich, dramatic action-filled picture which M-G-M, working in England, has cast well and mounted handsomely.

If Scott was concerned with the *facts* of history, M-G-M is clearly more concerned with the *appearance* of history—the court life, the battles, the tournaments of England at the end of the twelfth century, and Richard Thorpe has directed with a sharp eye for the pictorial. He fills his screen with the colorful throngs at a tourney or with thousands of cross-bowmen storming a Norman castle. He shows us what it means to enter the lists, to fight with mace and chain. His action is full-scale and vigorous, presented with obvious relish. Robert Taylor makes a handsome Ivanhoe, George Sanders is superbly villainous as De Bois-Guilbert, and such accomplished players as Emlyn Williams, Finlay Currie, Felix Aylmer, and Guy Rolfe dot the lengthy supporting cast. Only the distaff side is a bit weak. Elizabeth Taylor is beautiful enough as Rebecca but clearly often beyond her dramatic depths; while Joan Fontaine, the Rowena of the film, has little to do but wait patiently for Ivanhoe to claim her in the final close-up.

* * *

Universal's "picture of the year" is also a big one, elaborately costumed, expensively cast and produced. "The World in His Arms," based on a Rex Beach story, offers Gregory Peck as a roistering sea captain who gives the Russians in Alaska (the period is 1850) a bad time, not only making off with vast cargoes of their valuable seal pelts but with Ann Blythe, one of their prettier countesses, as well. The story is little more than an excuse, however, for an exciting series of barroom brawls, palace stormings, and, best of all, a tense race between two fishing schooners en route to Sitka. In fact, whenever the story is jettisoned and "World in His Arms" puts out to sea, the picture becomes decidedly worth looking at. The shots of plunging boats with their sails bellied out and masts creaking, the scenes of seal hunting in the Pribilofs have a freshness and novelty about them that is notably lacking in the plot's routine dramatics, although director Raoul Walsh has staged his action so that nothing ever becomes really dull. It's in Technicolor, of course—and Universal always seems to get more color out of its Technicolor than any other company. Oddly enough, though, the most beautiful scenes in the picture are those filmed in the grey-green light of an early morning off the Pribilofs when sea, sky, and ship all seem to merge with each other and color is

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the more effective for being suggested rather than shown.

* * *

"The Crimson Pirate" (Warner Brothers) is yet another king-size sea story, Technicolor in the extreme, also relying on action and lavishness to cover its rather feeble substance. Burt Lancaster, a pirate chief back in the late eighteenth century, gets mixed up in a South American revolution, much to the disgust of his bloodthirsty crew. Naturally, it's all for the love of a woman. To prove that the authors themselves don't take any of this too seriously, Lancaster frequently refers to his piratical deeds as "capers" and orders his men about "on the double." Such tongue-in-cheek approach inevitably recalls Doug Fairbank's old "Black Pirate," an impression heightened both by certain plot details and Burt Lancaster's free-wheeling acrobatics. Lancaster may come nowhere near the senior Fairbanks in ease and grace, but he displays here the same boundless energy and enthusiasm for mischief that made Fairbanks such fun to watch. A gymnastic chase with the local constabulary through the streets of a drowsy town and the climactic battle on shipboard recapture much of his fine high spirits. The picture, filmed in England, features Eva Bartok, Torin Thatcher, James Hayter, and Noel Purcell. Robert Siodmak directed briskly, and William Alwyn has supplied more than enough music.

—ARTHUR KNIGHT.

SR Recommends

Ivanhoe: Reviewed in this issue.

Carrie: An absorbing match with Laurence Olivier's talent combating his lack of verisimilitude in Dreiser's part. (*SR* July 12.)

High Noon: A very superior Western crowded with atmosphere and foreboding. (*SR* July 5.)

Ivory Hunter: Kenya Colony, Africa, provides the background for a superior British-made film about animals. (*SR* June 7.)

Under the Paris Sky: Some "snatch-of-life" episodes welded by Duvivier into a highly scenic apotheosis of Paris. (*SR* May 24.)

Outcast of the Islands: Conrad's early novel transformed by Carol Reed into a film with a full quota of authentic atmosphere. (*SR* Apr. 26.)

Walk East on Beacon: An admirably detailed filming of counter-espionage in the USA, made with the cooperation of the FBI. (*SR* Apr. 19.)

Singin' in the Rain: Gene Kelly in a nostalgic spoofing of the early talkies. (*SR* Apr. 12.)

Encore: Another trio of Maugham short stories turned into an engaging film. (*SR* Apr. 5.)

The Man in the White Suit: Alec Guinness invents a fabric that will never wear out—with hilarious consequences. (*SR* Apr. 5.)

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TV and Radio

UNCONVENTIONAL TV

EVER since the television success of Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz, the network program planners have been racking their collective brains to come up with a domestic situation comedy to equal the popularity of that program. Last month they finally made it.

Although it didn't have as passionate a title as "I Love Lucy"—contenting itself with the more restrained "I Like Ike"—there was no gainsaying its popularity, and it certainly turned out to be a situation comedy, strictly domestic, with a little foreign policy thrown in for good measure.

While TV spends the better part of its regular season mired in the muck of mediocrity, it has in the past two years managed to regain stature and dignity with telecasts of national importance. The year before this it was the Kefauver crime committee, during which telecast Mr. Frank Costello showed only his hands. This year no sooner had the credentials committee gone to work than the Taft forces showed their hands. And the viewers immediately sensed they were in for some rare entertainment containing all the dramatic elements contiguous to first-rate television broadcasting.

What might have been an ordinary political convention which had met to nominate a candidate for the Presidency soon turned out to be a program with all the ingredients which go to make up a situation comedy, but with dire undertones of dirty work at the crossroads, shrewd manipulation by the forces of good and evil to gain the upper hand, a moving love story in which the conflict was whether love of party would triumph over love of country, and of course the happy ending—at least a happy ending for a majority of the characters involved.

The plot could not have been more adroitly written or more deftly produced had the delegates rehearsed for weeks under the direction of Worthington Minor or Fred Coe. But from the opening moment when Betty Furness and the politicians began washing their dirty linens in public it was quite obvious that in future conventions there would be plenty of rehearsal, with maybe a break-in week in New Haven, before the bigwigs would allow their puppets to perform in front of the television cameras.

There is no question about it. Television, besides having given us a couple of weeks of better entertainment, will also be instrumental in giving us a better and more representative way of selecting a Presidential candidate. This business of letting a TV camera wander into the privacy of a smoke-filled room calls for some carefully rehearsed delegates delivering some skilfully written adlibs.

What are these conventions coming to if a camera is going to be standing around while a deal is made? The next thing you know they might introduce a contraption that not only comes right into the smoke-filled rooms, but goes straight into the minds and hearts of men. *Then* where will politics be?

On the other hand these two conventions may have been the last ever to be televised on the networks. If the executives of the advertising agencies run true to form and take the popularity-rating survey which came out after the convention telecasts as seriously as they do the ratings of their other programs, they won't be advising their clients to sponsor these multimillion dollar programs if the best they can come up with is a rating less than the rating of "I Love Lucy." Philco, Westinghouse, and Admiral were practically talking to themselves in ratio to the millions of dollars they expended, according to the survey of those watching these political conventions. And when it comes to a survey everybody in the business swears by it—with the possible exception of Thomas E. Dewey, President of the United States.

However, in all fairness, I should report on a survey taken in my own home during the hectic week of the Republican convention. After watching it with me for two days, my roommate began to wander. During the third day's session she left the house for some shopping. On the fourth day she wondered how the Yankees were doing and tried to take over control of the set to tune in their game (decisively settled in one of the fastest caucuses on record). And on the fifth day when I tried to hypo her interest by announcing that at any moment she might see Eisenhower nominated, she walked out with the statement that if he got it, it was politics.

Late that last night as I sat alone watching the interviews and the speeches and the what-not she shouted to turn that thing off and come to bed. Once again politics had made estranged bedfellows.

—GOODMAN ACE.

"Margaret singing and *him* playing the piano! How do you know he wouldn't?"

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ALTERNATIVES TO DISASTER

(*Continued from page 7*)

given absolute power over the heretics by the Catholic queen, Isabella, put to death the thousand and more he adjudged guilty because he hated their dissident views.

Totalitarianism, as of today, is the way of the world's disaster. Because it has no faith in the masses of men, its guidance of them is inevitably misguidance. Placing the majority in complete dependence, it fixates them into permanent child-adults—powerless to have minds of their own; trained only to follow; made to repeat slogans and stereotypes. Most disastrously of all, it keeps their loyalty alive not by visions of a better world for all men but by a whipped-up hatred of those they are ordered to hate.

It is difficult to say something new and exciting about the contrasted vision of man, for it comes with no mind-arresting Total Plan. It comes with nothing more arresting than the humdrum permission to all men to fumble along.

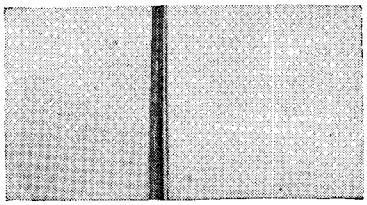
Such a scheme of life has at least this marked advantage: there is in it a minimum chance for the growth of hatred. Hatred thrives where people are urged to distinguish between those who are inside and those who are outside the pale. An ideological Plan, like Hitler's Nazism or the Politburo's Communism (or like theology's "thirty-nine articles") is an enclosure, a psychological walled-in space. For those who are inside, it is easy to consider themselves the redeemed and the outsiders the unredeemed. It is easy, then, for them to think of the outsiders as enemies, and to hate them as possible destroyers of the enclosure and of themselves who are within it. On the other hand, where no ideological enclosure divides the right people from the wrong, but where freedom is ungrudgingly given to all to *find out what seems best,* there is a maximum chance for tolerance, friendliness, helpfulness.

Such freedom, however, is now being appallingly threatened. Today's war of the world is a civil war between those who would keep the mind free and those who would compel it into a pattern. The reason, it would seem, is that this fantastic *tyranny of the Pattern* is so new to our experience that it passes comprehension. We are actually unable as yet to conceive of a human policy that can deny even the right to exist to those who happen by chance to be outside the Pattern and the Plan.

This is the deepest cleft that has ever been driven between conflicting segments of the human race. Wars upon wars have set men against one another. But these wars of the past have been merely trials of strength, with the tacit assumption on the part of the contestants that when the trial of strength was over, matters would be adjusted among all concerned. They would all continue to inhabit the same earth and to go on about their business.

Not so is this present civil war of the world. The clamping down on all dissenters; the ruthless removal, enslavement, and destruction of all those who chance to belong to a proscribed class or race or occupation or belief, is indication that this is a war of a different order. *This is a war to force all men into a prescribed pattern of life.*

ON the part of the democracies, then, it becomes a war to defend the right of all men to create their own patterns of life. This is the bitterest and most thoroughgoing opposition that can exist in the human scene: on the one hand, *complete power over the minds of men;* on the other, *the right of men to their own minds.* If the one side wins, the other side does



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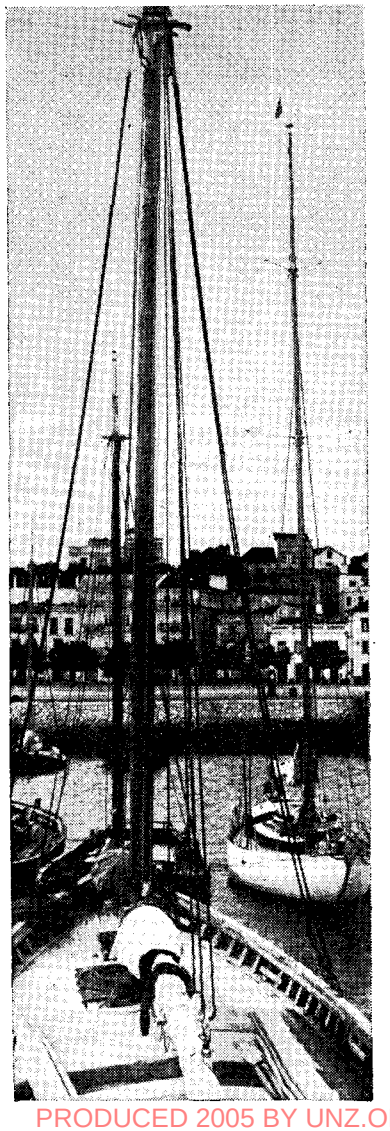

by

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Author of *Horned Pigeon*

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not merely lose; it is expunged, annihilated. There can be no compromise between a doctrine of a *total compulsory patterning of men's lives* and a belief in *freedom for growth.*

Russia is today the chief proponent and the chief practicer of the doctrine of *collectivized man.* Could strong enough pressures, however, be brought to bear, or significant enough changes be made in the world outside Russia, it is conceivable that Russia might be persuaded to modify the stubborn ruthlessness with which it now practices this doctrine. Put in another way, Russia may quite conceivably continue to hold its doctrine of the collectivized man as an overall theory that it preaches in season and out; but through various developments in the world, Russia may well come to the point where it no longer, with a strict and undeviating completeness, "practices what it preaches."

The hope, perhaps a faint one at present, would be that as life gets variously readjusted throughout the world—as our emerging wisdoms, for example, turn national enmities into friendships, and thus make a mutually productive interchange more possible—Russia and her satellites may reluctantly fall into line. While still officially maintaining their doctrine of collectivized man they may be unofficially willing to tolerate men as they are and do such business with them as seems possible. Once this even begins to happen, it means that certain types of freedom-hungry minds behind the Iron Curtain—minds that are now ruthlessly suppressed—will be allowed again at least a marginal existence, and can begin to exert once more their redeeming influence from the inside. If, in brief, to put the matter sharply, it can be made more profitable for Russia to renew even tenuous relations with the Western world than to hew to the strict, unrelenting line of its political orthodoxy, then the processes by which freedom has been worked into existence in the human past can again begin to operate. Those processes are of two kinds: contacts between cultures, with all that these contacts imply in the way of leavening influence; and the toleration of certain minimal differences within even the most tyrannical culture, with all that such toleration implies in the way of the re-animation of men's minds.

The important thing we need to remember is that *people* are never as bad—or as good—as the *doctrines* they profess. Individuals are mixtures of good and bad. So likewise are groups and nations. To conceive of all Russians—or even of the Russian government—as irrevocably committed in practice to the doctrinal belief in wholly collectivized man would be as great a mistake as to conceive of Christians as wholly committed in practice to their belief in the brotherhood of man. Doctrines tend to take on both a simplicity and a fixity not found in human beings. Monstrous, therefore, as a doctrine may be, where there are humans there is hope.

THE strategy of democracy, then, is to work for humans, in the hope that practices will get adjusted as humans become more generously and widely human. The most effective force that the democracies can bring to bear to change totalarian governments and totalitarian peoples is the power they posses (but do not always exercise) *to help people to be free.* Increasing the number of free people in the world is an undertaking that must at least run parallel to our effort to increase armies designed to keep people free.

In the savage state of conflict at which we now are, armies to "contain" totalitarian tyranny are obviously necessary. But even as we build and use such armies, the psychological fact must not be forgotten that the military way of defeating or "containing" an enemy is always the hard way — and usually, in long-range terms, an unsuccessful way. This hard way may, indeed, have regretfully to be undertaken; but the difficulties it raises need to be kept in mind. A nation challenged by military force does not characteristically fold up and yield. On the contrary, it resists; and to make its resistance effective, it determinedly builds up all the power it can possibly command. Trying to win by force, then, presupposes always that the counter force is at its highest pitch—and can still be outdone even at its highest pitch. This is why the military way is always the hardest. The winning has to be done against a great counter-will to win.

This, in short, is the strategy of head-on collision: the irresistible force trying to overcome the immovable object. There is, however, even in warfare, another possible strategy —that of weakening the enemy from within: sowing seeds of doubt; making his resistance less because he finds less he is called upon to resist. If in this present civil war, cold or hot, we could come to see that we are

Your Literary I.Q.

By Howard Collins

SHAKESPEAREAN QUEENS

Barber-Nell Hoover, of Ft. Slocum, New York, opines that interest in the new queen turns our thoughts to other English queens. So she asks you to identify these queens depicted by Shakespeare. Allowing five points for the name of the queen and five for the drama in which she appears, a score of sixty is par, seventy is very good, and eighty or better is excellent. Answers on page 35.

1. A famous Roman neglects his duties as one of the triumvirate ruling the vast empire of Rome for love of this beautiful queen of Egypt.
2. A treacherous step-mother queen schemes to put her son on the throne by marriage to her step-daughter whose father is king of Britain.
3. Her son is horrified to learn from a spectre that his uncle had murdered his father, seized the throne, then married his mother, the queen of Denmark.
4. A queen of the Goths unknowingly eats the bodies of her two sons baked in a pie.
5. A lover is betrayed by his faithless sweetheart in the eighth year of a famous war caused by the abdication of this queen.
6. After many years in seclusion because of the unfounded jealousy of her husband who believed her dead, she is introduced to him as a statue.
7. After being disinherited by her British king father, even though she is the only one of his three daughters who truly loves him, she married the king of France.
8. A cruel imperious queen leads an army against the contender for her husband's throne, defeats his forces, captures and stabs him to death.
9. Her villainous husband contrived her death and that of two little princes in an effort to secure his hold on the throne, but was later killed in personal combat by his successor.
10. When one of her sons died, this queen-mother aided another younger and weak treacherous son to seize the crown from the rightful heir.

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fighting, not an *immutable doctrine called Communism* but *mutable people who call themselves Communists,* we could set about doing things that might eventually make their armed enmity seem even to themselves foolish, needless, and impractical. In short, the most disarming strategy of the democratic peoples is *to do to the utmost of their power what their democratic beliefs require them to do.*

It is now a commonplace observation that whenever and wherever the democratic peoples do what goes counter to their democratic professions, Communist peoples take on an added self-assurance and strength. Western imperialism, for example, with its long tradition of treating the world's dark-skinned millions as inferior and without rights to their own institutions and natural resources, has, to the Communists, been worth a hundred thousand battalions. It has been their chief weapon of persuasion among the world's dispossessed. White supremacy is, to the Communists, worth additional battalions. Wherever, in short, democratic peoples still put the racialist assumption into practice, they literally give tanks and bombs to the enemy.

By various omissions and commissions, also, democratic peoples have permitted exploitation and created poverty—those twin destroyers of the freedom and opportunity that the democratic nations themselves proclaim. Wherever exploitation and poverty exist, Communists become more self assured, more violent in their denunciation, and more powerful to tell the world that the true way of life is not to be found in the way of "democratic freedom." The most effective way to drain the strength of the Communist enemy is to do the things that freedom calls for.

This, then, is the alternative to disaster: *to make more freedom.* The emphasis needs to be, not merely upon *defending* something but rather upon *extending* it.

Fifty or a hundred years from now, some historian may make the discovery that in the mid-twentieth century the democratic peoples of the world became suddenly aware that if they did not act pretty quickly to make more freedom in the world, they would lose even what they had. Examining the things that those mid-twentieth-century peoples began to do to remove old enslavements and bring new opportunities into life, he may come to the surprised conclusion that in those years, when tyrannies were at their height of terror, the democratic peoples learned a new way of warfare—that of defeating the enemy by doing the things that took away his psychological weapons.

BELLES-LETTRES

(*Continued from page* 12)

the modern entries are not carefully checked. Professor Harbage, listed as at the University of Pennsylvania, has been at Columbia for some years, and is about to occupy a chair at Harvard.

Such omissions, inaccuracies, and the great number of trivial items are inevitable, and probably unimportant; it is more useful to decide what place the book has in the already excessive number of Shakespeareana. For the experienced reader and student it is too superficial, and its brief entries can be found in standard reference books. But—except for its price—it should appeal to the inexperienced reader of Shakespeare. Not so much for its substance as for its signposts (including a bibliography) pointing to books on Shakespeare which are full and integrated.

BYRON, SHELLEY AND THEIR PISAN CIRCLE. By C. L. Cline. Harvard University Press. $5. The enormous fascination in Shelley's and Byron's biographies may come from their untidy and unbuttoned lives—with marriages, scandals, illegitimate children, lawsuits, and literary squabbles, they were tabloid copy. But, piquantly, they were also great poets, great personalities, and (in different ways) men of great nobility. To document their lives we have their own copious letters and journals, and those of their wives and friends, who produced memoirs, recollections, conversations, and so on. This vast quarry has been supplemented by official archives of various sorts, law court records, newspapers, and even (in the case of Byron) a peek into the grave.

Mr. Cline's contribution to the Romantic saga is a close examination of the brief period (less than a year) when Shelley and Byron lived in Pisa, along with their respective ladies and a fluctuating circle of fluctuating friends. One of the friends was John Taaffe, Jr., an expatriate Irishman about whom Mr. Cline has turned up considerable new material. The main event of the Pisan period was a disagreeable fracas with a dragoon. At least one of its results was witty: the boastful Irishman, because he proved to be neither honest nor brave, acquired the nickname of "False Taaffe"! Mr. Cline very skilfully brings his circle together, explodes in

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their midst the affair with the dragoon, and then ushers them out. As a segment of Byron's biography—which is all he modestly claims for his book—it is also an interesting record of some pungent personalities.

THE FORTUNES OF FAUST. By E. M. Butler. Cambridge University Press. $6. The prime source of the Faust legend is the sixteenth-century German "Urfaustbook," and from then on his literary fortunes were extremely varied. He was quickly transported to England, where Marlowe used him for his great tragedy, but then he was debased into stage farces and puppet shows until the age of enlightenment, when Goethe fused the legend with the Gretchen motif (from domestic tragedy). Among later interesting variants were Heine's dance-poem (to oppose Goethe's conclusion) and Grabbe's drama in which Don Juan and Faust (representing an ambivalent hero) fight it out for Donna Anna. (*Pace* Mozart.) And for Faust in modern fiction, Thomas Mann is treated to a chapter that analyzes and criticizes his recent novel, which—to complete the circle—borrows much from the "Urfaustbook."

As a literary study Miss Butler's book is excellent for its thoroughness, breadth, and sophistication. But she should have spared the reader the analyses of the many inferior, absurd treatments; they could have been compressed into an appendix. The timeliness of the Faust legend, we can see today, goes beyond fiction, drama, and poetry. If that hero's history is, as Miss Butler says, "the conflict between religion and rationalism," he has reappeared in "Witness," where Chambers traces the history of his own grotesque, Faustian torments.

—Robert Halsband.

EMILE ZOLA. By Angus Wilson. Morrow. $3. The rehabilitation of major nineteenth-century French writers long out of fashion seems well under way. They may soon find themselves again in full possession of the honors which the last few generations took from them to decorate some of their minor contemporaries. This year the Hugo sesquicentenary drew forth far more than perfunctory homage, and even the most advance-guard critics have turned their eyes from the *poètes maudits* to scrutinize the colossus of Romanticism. Balzac has enjoyed new popularity, not, it must be admitted, without suffering transformations. To conform to modern taste, both Hugo and Balzac have been turned into metaphysical poets. What of Zola? Generally disdained by literary critics as a vulgar, bourgeois personality and a writer following fallacious philosophies and artistic theories, typed by the general public as pornographic, Zola's stock today is very low indeed. It is high time we look at him more closely to see if the founder of Naturalism cannot be made over into somebody with appeal for us. The young English short-story writer, Angus Wilson, leads the way in this biography with a Freudian approach. The theories and systems, which have seemed an indispensable framework for the study of Zola, are brushed aside. Instead, Mr. Wilson substitutes sex as a principal theme and motivating factor for the Rougon-Macquart series. These old novels take on new luster in this light, and the figure of Zola himself becomes more human and sympathetic. If anything can take the curse off Zola, it is this lively book, written by one creative writer about another.

—L. LeSage.

Of Time and Space

The Saturday Review's Guide to Science Fantasy Fiction

Book	*Theme*	*Handling*	*Rating*
CITY *Clifford Simak* (Gnome: $2.75)	Human race gradually growing too bored for effort; intelligent dogs.	Somewhat slow-paced and meditative, but holds interest most of the way.	Fair, but lacks unity.
MURDER IN MILLENIUM VI *Curme Gray* (Shasta: $3)	Complicated crime in a future matriarchal world-state.	Characters fairly acceptable; setting strains credulity.	Bug-house.
THE HEADS OF CERBERUS *Francis Stevens* (Polaris Press: $3)	Reprinted old-timer from the parallel time-stream bracket.	Vaudeville Hibernian accent a spot on fast-moving, well-plotted adventure tale.	Good if you don't take it too seriously.
SANDS OF MARS *Arthur C. Clarke* (Gnome: $2.75)	Writer goes to publicize Martian colony and decides to stay as citizen.	This is what science fiction can do when a real writer who is also a real scientist gets hold of it.	High, from every point of view.
NIGHT'S YAWNING PEAL *Ed. by August Derleth* (Arkham House: $3)	Tales of ghoulies and ghosties.	Tend to be a little old-fashioned and leisurely.	Derleth has never recovered from H. P. Lovecraft.
IMAGINATION UNLIMITED *Ed. by E. F. Bleiler and T. E. Dikty* (Farrar, Straus & Young: $3.50)	Thirteen stories, each with a different science as thematic material.	Generally pretty good, with more emphasis on story than on science.	Useful introductory collection.
THE HAPLOIDS *Jerry Sohl* (Rinehart: $2.50)	Horrible female haploids try to exterminate males of world.	Tense, tightly-written, detective story manner.	Author tries too hard to be cosmic.
THE WEAPON MAKERS *A. E. Van Vogt* (Greenberg: $2.75)	Immortal Robert Hedrock, in complex struggle against two world forces, marries Empress Innelda.	Usual Van Vogt meaningless double-talk; also usual Van Vogt fast paced narrative.	Strictly for fans.
ROBOTS HAVE NO TAILS *Lewis Padgett* (Gnome: $2.75)	Collected tales about Gallagher, who invents things while drunk and forgets what they're for when sober.	Hilarious science-fiction spoofing.	Books like this are all too rare.
TAKEOFF *Cyril M. Kornbluth* (Doubleday: $2.75)	Moon rocketeers have trouble with international spies.	Staccato treatment, good scene, good characterization.	Upper level thriller, negligible scientific content.

—Fletcher Pratt.

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FICTION

(*Continued from page* 19)

teller and a good one. There is tension and immediacy in all of her tales. She is entangled with a major theme. This volume is a brilliant statement of variations upon it. Its further development in future writing should be watched for.

KEEPSAKE. By Ann Ritner. Lippincott. $3. When Mrs. Ritner sticks to that which she can do well—depiction of family life, relationships, and domestic joys and sorrows, the growing pains and problems of adolescence, the troubled path of love, true and untrue—she produces pages of very pleasant and highly readable romance. Fortunately much of "Keepsake" is in this genre. Basically it is the story of the growing-up of Cathy Brett, unworldly daughter of a flamboyant robber baron in Arizona at the end of the last century. Cathy is in love with Philip, the struggling doctor, but Cathy's beautiful cousin, Lisa, has him infatuated for most of the book. In the end, of course, Cathy gets him, but not before she has suffered plenty of disappointments, heartaches, etc. All this is told gracefully and with nice characterization. Also well developed is the picture of Cathy's relationship with her family, and of life in a robber-baron's castle in the Arizona wilderness. The secondary story of Cathy's father, who owned most of the gold in Arizona and its railroads and came up against the anti-trust laws, is less well developed, primarily because Mrs. Ritner finds herself getting trapped in scenes of violent action which she just can't handle. Even in Cathy's story the death of her mother and the near burning-up of Lisa bring in overtones of melodrama out of key with the rest of Mrs. Ritner's gently sentimental storytelling.

JOHN BONWELL. By Charles K. Pulse. Farrar, Straus & Young. $3.50. The period from 1818 to 1862 in the Ohio Valley was a period of development, change, and ferment as the nation moved toward Civil War. Mr. Pulse has sought to gather all the various strands of historical change into the story of one John Bonwell. John starts as a young arrival in the territory in 1818. He speedily becomes a plantation owner, slave holder, and ardent defender of slavery. Later he tangles with commercial activity, becomes an innkeeper, goes off to the Mexican War, comes back to get entangled in the Abolition movement, and finally ends up on the Union side in the Civil War. In addition to covering all the historical ground, and introducing such supernumeraries as Henry Clay and Ulysses S. Grant, Mr. Pulse has provided his hero with two love affairs which are not too distracting, and one rather overextended plot involving the death of his uncle. The madly melodramatic end to this brings the book to a close in as silly and improbable a scene as recent fiction has boasted. This scene apart, Mr. Pulse's narrative never quite gets off the ground, probably because it is overstuffed with material.

WIVES AND HUSBANDS. By David Duncan. World. $3.50. Mr. Duncan has assembled an assortment of painters, writers, poets, and such and set them to playing musical chairs in a mythical West Coast art colony for his latest novel. For the first hundred pages or so you may find it a little hard to keep the players straight, not only because they are all so busy popping in and out of each other's beds but also because they all talk exactly alike. After that things quiet down some, but I wouldn't say they get more interesting. Partly this is because Mr. Duncan, who can do very well with individual scenes, doesn't seem quite to have made up his mind about what he wanted to do with his novel. Occasionally he goes off into pure farce, at least once he approached social satire with real bite in it, and sometimes he just writes straight and frequently very good comedy. Toward the end he seems to be wanting us to take his preposterous adolescents seriously. This was more than I could manage.

THEY HAD A GLORY. By Davenport Steward. Tupper & Love, Atlanta. $3.75. The authors of historical fiction have been sending more bands of pioneers down the Wilderness Road in recent seasons than ever made the trek in the days when Kaintuck was being opened up. The latest band includes Munro Dunbar and Toby Ross, just discharged from Marion's brigade. There is also the inevitably mysterious Alison Kent. Why is she making the fearsome trip alone? A couple of villains who get into fights with

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Cleopatra, in Antony and Cleopatra. 2. Queen of Cymbeline, in Cymbeline. 3. Gertrude, in Hamlet. 4. Tamora, in Titus Andronicus. 5. Helen of Troy, in Troilus and Cressida. 6. Hermione, in The Winter's Tale. 7. Cordelia, in King Lear. 8. Margaret of Anjou, 3 Henry VI. 9. Anne, in Richard III. 10. Elinor, in The Life and Death of King John.

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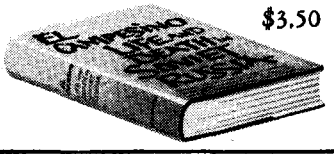
—*JOSEPH HARRISON, *Christian Science Monitor*



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Munro stir up excitement in the opening half of the book and in its last forty pages. In between the drama sags noticeably as Mr. Steward devotes himself to providing some good descriptions of the settlers' daily struggles which are interesting but not too stimulating. The much-feared Indians for the most part remain an off-stage threat until the last forty pages when some pretty gory doings wind things up with a bang. Standard stuff this, with maybe a shade more sober scholarship than is usual in the genre. —EDWARD J. FITZGERALD.

TO HEAVEN ON HORSEBACK. By Paul Cranston. Julian Messner. $3. The keynote of this novel lies in the descriptive adjective of its subtitle, "The Romantic Story of Narcissa Whitman." Driven, as he says, by his long love affair with a woman dead over a hundred years, Mr. Cranston concentrates here on the more fleshly romance between his heroine and her husband, Marcus, which drew her from a New York town to the Indian villages of Oregon. In 1836, as a missionary by his side, she was the first white woman to cross the Rockies, forerunner of many who later followed the trail Marcus's wagon made over the mountains.

True, Narcissa was warm and human as well as courageous and good. The trappers and explorers who crossed and recrossed the wilderness in the 1830's often mention in their journals the admiration and affection she inspired in the rough mountain men as she sang to them in her rich soprano at prayer meeting.

Such narrow focus, however, blurs the larger romance of the unfolding West. As in a long close-up of a Hollywood embrace, those who are fascinated by the background grow impatient. Although, to a man, her frontier companions fall under Narcissa's spell, very little of their color and independence emerges from a sketchy characterization. There is no mention of the fur trade which opened up the Northwest to people like the Whitmans.

More interesting to most readers than the quite routine love story in pioneer dress will be Paul Cranston's feeling for it and the circumstances of its writing which, with prodigious effort, he was able to finish before his death. —JOAN STANFORD BISHOP.

GREEN-THUMB ROUND-UP

(*Continued from page* 21)

"Gardens of the Antilles" (University of Florida, $3.75).

THE art of coaxing birds to come into the garden is experiencing an upsurge. Bob Hines is the illustrator of C. Russell Mason's "Picture Primer of Attracting Birds" (Houghton Mifflin, $2.50), which is an intimate and irresistible volume.

The latest of Robert S. Lemmon's bird books is "The Birds Are Yours" (Macmillan, $2.25). Gardeners who succeed in their coaxing will be doubly rewarded if they trace their entertainers' music through Aretas Saunders's "Guide to Bird Songs" (Doubleday, $3). As they become aware of their transient visitors they will be interested in Frederick C. Lincoln's new "Migration of Birds" (Doubleday, $1), also illustrated by Bob Hines.

Ernest Chabot started many gardeners on a new hobby in "Greenhouse Gardening for Everyone." Now he carries his converts a step further with "How to Grow Rare Greenhouse Plants" (Barrows, $4).

Another specialized book from Barrows is "Wild Flowers for Your Garden" by Helen S. Hull ($4.95). The culture of wild flowers in every state is covered.

It is a good many years since so impressive a set of encyclopedic volumes has appeared in the field of gardening as the new four-volume "Dictionary of Gardening" sponsored by the Royal Horticultural Society (Oxford University Press, $55). The 2,316 large pages contain about four times as many entries as occur in the indispensable "Bailey Cyclopedia" used throughout America. A quarter of these are definitions of specific names; another quarter common names with cross references, and there are other brief entries interspersing the extensive treatments of garden plants and practices.

Hobby of Hobbies for Gardeners

Book and Author	*Comment*
FLOWER ARRANGEMENTS FOR ALL OCCASIONS *Marie Johnson Fort and Robert Sommerville* (Rinehart, $8.50)	Exceptional quality in text, design, and reproduction. Nearly 100 handsome illustrations, thirty-two in color.
SUMMER AND AUTUMN FLOWERS *Constance Spry* (Studio-Crowell, $5)	Surprisingly conventional—and delightful—bouquets by a famous English arranger. All in color.
ARRANGING FLOWERS FROM ROADSIDE, FIELDS AND WOODS *Amelia Leavitt Hill* (Studio-Crowell, $3.85)	What to pick and not to pick in every part of the country; how to combine, and how to cultivate wild flowers. Ample lists and illustrations.
THE ART OF DRIFTWOOD AND DRIED ARRANGEMENTS *Tatsuo Ishimoto* (Crown, $2.95)	Excitingly beautiful creations shown in photographs, with basic instructions for handling the materials.
THE COMPLETE BOOK OF DRIED ARRANGEMENTS *R. M. Underwood* (Barrows, $4.95)	Seashells, seeds, skeletonized foliage, pressed flowers, dried flowers, driftwood, in homemade designs.
CORSAGE CRAFT *Glad Reusch and Mary Noble* (Van Nostrand, $3.50)	Information on several hundred kinds of plant material to be used, with detailed instructions for seventeen creations.
MAKING CORSAGES AT HOME *Dorothy Biddle and Dorothea Blom* (Barrows, $2.50)	Mother-and-daughter team tells exactly how to handle flowers for personal decoration.
THE TRICK OF MAKING YOUR OWN CORSAGES *Sophia Naumburg* (Floral Art, Teaneck, N.J., $1)	A new edition of a small book in paper covers, giving simple directions to the beginner.
ROSES AND HOME FLOWER ARRANGING *Edna Whitsitt* (Greystone, $1.50; also in paper, $1)	Twenty-eight pages of roses in color, with general directions for making arrangements.

—C. H. W.

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On the Record

A Personal Choice by Edward Tatnall Canby

COMPOSITION, PERFORMER RECORD NUMBER NUMBER OF RECORDS	*Recording Technique, Surface* ENGINEERING	PERFORMANCE AND CONTENT

FOR MID-SUMMER LISTENING

J. STRAUSS: BLUE DANUBE WALTZ; WIENER BLUT. Berlin Philh., Fricsay. Decca DL 4009	▶ Beautifully sharp and clear hi-fi recording, warm, mellow in liveness; an excellent job of processing all along the line from mike to disc. The plastic material is unusually quiet in recent Deccas. (The short playing time of this "4000" series is a technical advantage, allowing wider, deeper grooves, higher recording level, lower noise.)	Fricsay's work is fresh and light-footed in all of these, without pretentiousness. The waltzes are gentle and flowing, with a few too-juicy violin swoops—otherwise a welcome relief from the hard "pops" style heard over here. The overtures snap electrically, as Italian as you please. Good summer listening!
ROSSINI: OVERTURES TO SEMIRAMIDE, ITALIAN WOMAN IN ALGIERS. Berlin Philh., Fricsay. DECCA DL 4481		
GERSHWIN: CUBAN OVERTURE (1932); ASSORTED GERSHWIN SONGS arr. K. Andre Kostelantz & His Orch. Columbia ML 4481	▶ Like most Kostelantezes recorded in a huge, deep well of metallic liveness, effective but hardly natural. Otherwise, a hi-fi job. "Cuban" effects make fine hi-fi demonstration material.	If you like Gershwin don't miss the seldom heard Cuban overture; more sophisticated, more complex, less raucous (but more dissonant) than the popular early ones. Usual syrupy sonorities of the Kostelanetz technique.
R. STRAUSS: TAILLEFER (1903); DIVERTIMENTO AFTER COUPERIN (1940). Radio Berlin Symphony. Rudolf Lamy Choir, Rother, Cebotari, Ludwig, Hotter. Urania URLP 7042	▶ A remarkable pair of little known works—to put alongside Urania's earlier disc (7032) of the early violin and late oboe concertos. "Taillefer", *re* Battle of Hastings, beats up the British in a lyrical manner; a major work with chorus, solos, huge orch. (and thus seldom performed), from prolific period at end of tone poems, just before big operas. Fascinating hints of Elektra, Rosenkavalier, then uncomposed. A fine, alive performance beautifully miked for presence and realism with less technical trouble than many Uranias. The Divertimento from 1940 is a modest late-period bit of utterly virtuoso orchestration-expansion, based on group of Couperin works, given original titles. Excellent playing, the recording sweet in soft parts, coarse and tending to break up in louder passages. (Probably taken from radio lines again.)	
RIMSKY-KORSAKOV: COQ D'OR SUITE; CAPRICCO ESPAGNOL. French Nat. Symph. Orch., Désormières. Capitol P-8155	▶ Capitol's brand of hi-fi—ultra-smooth, modestly brilliant, distant miked and most effective, the highs natural and unforced.	Two familiar works, superbly played with the hard, bright classic accuracy of the French National—good for the showy Rimsky.
RIMSKY-KORSAKOV: CHRISTMAS EVE SUITE; SINFONIETTA, OP. 31. Radio Berlin Symphony, Ludwig. Urania URLP 7045	▶ Basically a good miking though somewhat narrow in perspective; but technical work is again under par, lacking in cleanness, the loud parts coarse, the background suggesting hum. OK for listening. The Sinfonietta lacks all highs (tape alignment?); otherwise is like above. OK on most home machines, but if you want it hi-fi, try Westminster (WL 5008).	"Christmas Eve," unknown to most of us, is just another expert sample of Rimsky's super-slick ability to formulize—a pat harmonic idea wrung out to the last tone with the smoothest urbanity. The Sinfonietta, on Russian themes (one is also in "Fire Bird") is far more interesting—brilliant treatment of superb tunes.
ARENSKY: VARIATIONS ON A THEME BY TSCHAIKOWSKY. GRIES: HOLBERG SUITE. Harold Byrns Chamber Orch. Capitol P-8158	▶ For my money this is a superb performance and a top quality recording of these affecting Variations; far superior to the Scherman-Little Orchestra version on Columbia. But the *Holberg suite unaccountably has no highs, is dull and* muffled in sound. (My copy). May have been re-cut later for better sound—check your copy. But try the London recording by Boyd Neel for excellence in recording as well as performance.	

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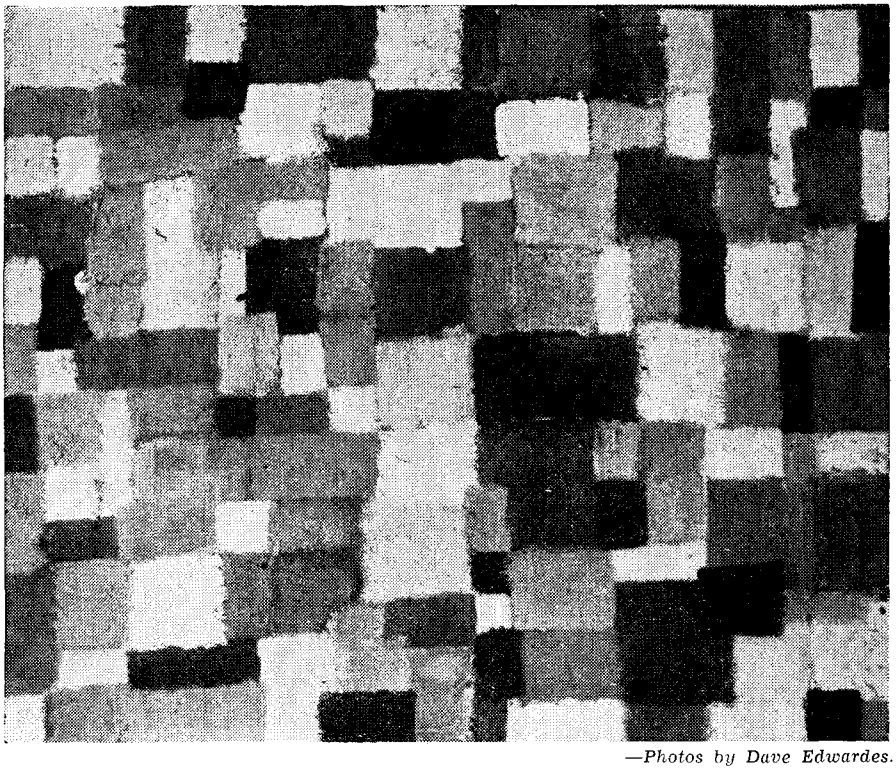
THE FINE ARTS

THE STATE OF COLLECTING



—*Photos by Dave Edwardes.*

"Dynamic Square" by John Grillo (Collection of Fred Olsen)—"vigorous and original."

AT EAST HAMPTON'S sprightly Guild Hall on Long Island there has recently been assembled an exhibition of paintings entitled "What Businessmen Collect." It is an interesting show, not only because of the quality of many of the pictures chosen, but because of the light it throws on present-day collecting in this country. The exhibition does not, of course, pretend to tell anything like the whole story of contemporary private patronage. The Guild's two galleries are not large enough for that, if galleries anywhere are. But they are admirably situated adjacent to the lobby of the Guild's summer theatre. And for those like myself, who find jabber at intermission the one serious penalty for theatre-going, they afford, as now hung, an unusual chance to think about today's collecting and taste.

There can be no doubt any longer that "modern" art is what most contemporary collectors prefer. Or that abstract painting has an enormous appeal for the more venturesome of these collectors. Certainly the show at East Hampton is dominated by abstraction in its various forms. Realist artists of the calibre of Hopper and Shahn hold their own against the nonfigurative trend; those of a more purely illustrative bent, like Peter Hurd, are quite inadequate for the struggle at hand. The East Hampton exhibition makes all that terribly clear. It reveals as well that the emphasis now in collecting is on American rather than Parisian works. Of the eight collections represented, only that of Lee Ault pays much attention to postwar art developments in Europe. But at least one picture in Mr. Ault's group—the rich "Jour de Fête" by Nicolas de Stael—is a useful reminder that the School of Paris may not after all be down for the count. By comparison with this painting, with its headlong fluidity, some of the American works seem a little tentative and contrived. This fact does not in the slightest alter my own conviction that the newer American school—including in this show such artists as Joseph Glasco, William Congdon, Jackson Pollack, John Grillo, Theodore Stamos, and Loren MacIver—is as vigorous and original as any abroad, age for age and, if you like, sex for sex. And we should keep in mind the dozen or more painters lately come to fame who are not represented in the East Hampton show.

But what has brought about the decided rise of interest in American art on the part of collectors here? The isolation imposed by the recent war was obviously a vital factor. The emergence of a new generation of dealers has been another. Whereas twenty years ago a few belligerent souls carried the battle for native art, today the situation is different. There are now a good number of galleries which specialize in advanced American painting and sculpture. They are not confined to New York City. In Boston, for instance, as the recent art exhibition in the Public Garden made clear, the talented young rebel can be fairly sure of finding an agent who will show and promote his work. The same situation is beginning to prevail, I am told, in other big cities throughout the country. Moreover, the leading European dealers, centered in New York, are far more interested in exhibiting American pictures and even sculpture than they were two or three decades ago. Their new devotion, one assumes, is not altogether philanthropic; they know a market exists and is growing.

THAT brings me to a final item in the inescapable financial ledger relating to contemporary American art and collectors' taste. The best works by the great veterans of the modern creative movements, nearly all of them foreign, have moved beyond the average collector's reach. These works are scarce and extremely expensive; it now takes the funds of great accumulated fortunes rather than of local business success to buy them in number. No one seems able to explain why prices for contemporary art in any given era break through fairly abruptly to very high ground. In our own time inflation is a partial answer. Yet inflation does not completely explain why the widely acknowledged masterpieces of twentieth-century art —I am thinking of the finest Matisses and Picassos in particular—have vaulted price levels beneath which they hovered for many, many years. Before the last war $20,000 was a rare figure for any modern work. Today it is frequently reached and sometimes greatly exceeded, though only for outstanding pictures. But there is no reason to complain about the postwar prices. When we consider that Degas lived to see one of his pictures bring more than $100,000, we shouldn't begrudge our modern masters their own financial apotheosis. The mystery

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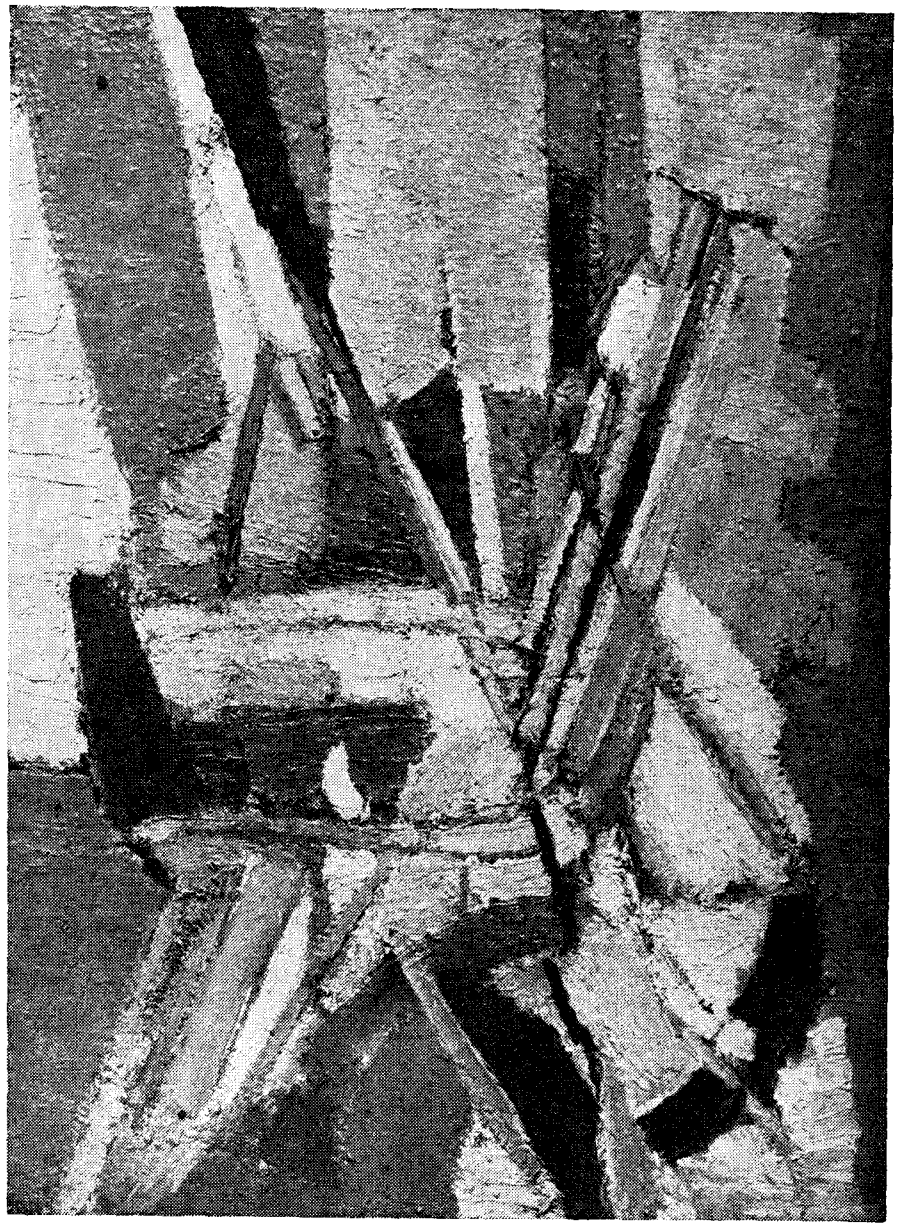
remains why it has been so long delayed. Perhaps current taxes have something to do with the matter, and it seems reasonable to suppose that the representational art of the impressionists and post-impressionists would appeal more quickly than "modern" painting to those able to pay out large sums of cash on the line. At any rate, the present prices for star works by the members of our century's School of Paris are more than all but a few people of great wealth can afford. Hence, in part, a tendency among the comfortably-fixed to buy American pictures. These pictures on the average are higher in cost than their counterparts abroad, due to differences in economic standards. But they seldom soar unattainably high in price or—let us admit it—genius. Very few American artists (except for fashionable portrait painters) can command more than $5,000 for a single canvas and we have, of course, yet to produce a Matisse or a Picasso.

BUT enough about figures. However important, they do not alter the fact that many of today's collectors in the country have an understandable enthusiasm for native art, quite apart from the question of cost. And this enthusiasm is widespread. Several of the collectors represented at East Hampton, for example, come from the Midwest; others, equally progressive in taste, could be found in most regions of the nation. Despite continuing opposition from conservative and/or academic quarters, the triumph of "modern" art and now, lately, of modern American art, cannot be denied. And who has abetted this triumph? Not, as the reactionary press would have us believe, merely a group of lisping esthetes, but hard-headed businessmen, with years of dispassionate, executive judgment behind them. This point is admirably made by the exhibition at East Hampton; I wish the fulminating enemies of contemporary art could see it.

I wish, too, that as a valuable supplement to the achievement of these courageous collectors, there would appear at least a few amateurs with a flair for buying the art of the past, especially the art of neglected areas, periods, and individuals. It is an absolute fallacy to suppose that the market—I mean the bargain market—for this sort of painting has been exhausted. Each year in the leading art centers here and abroad are to be seen distinguished pictures from the past at moderate prices. Let me give a few examples. Several years ago in a commercial gallery at Milan I saw a remarkable sixteenth-century Italian picture. It bore no signature and no scholar had yet come forth with a plausible attribution. Yet its quality was apparent and its historic interest marked in that it summarized much of the premise of Mannerism—that fascinating churning-up of Renaissance perfection. It was priced at a few thousand dollars. And we need not go so far back in time to discover comparable bargains. They are to be found even in the blue-chip field of late nineteenth-century painting. The prices for Seurat's work are, of course, extremely high, due to his limited output and his undeniable status as a great master. But recently in New York there was offered at a modest figure a very beautiful landscape by Seurat's colleague in neo-impressionism Henri Cross. It was not in Seurat's class naturally, but it was not far from it. Similarly, one could have acquired cheaply last winter on 57th Street a picture by Fuseli far more distinguished than most of the eighteenth-century English portraits for which our grandfathers paid fabulous sums.



"Jour de Fête" (1949) by Nicolas de Stael. (Collection of Lee A. Ault)

Twenty years ago a few American amateurs would have been on hand to snatch up paintings such as these. Who buys them now? None of the newer collectors apparently, or anyway none I have heard about. That leaves the important task of rediscovery up to our museum people. But here, discouragingly enough, we seem to be faced with a rising sense of caution, a tendency on the part of American curators to confine their purchases to the safe, established names, reserving their bursts of recklessness for contemporary works. Possibly I exaggerate the situation. Yet in looking at acquisitions made since the war by some of our great historic museums, one certainly senses this timid respectability of choice. —JAMES THRALL SOBY.

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EUROPE IN THE FALL

Carousel of Fun, Frolic & Culture

HORACE SUTTON

ALL summer Europe, from the west end of Scotland across to the beginning of the ferrous fringe, has been a gigantic playground, not only for Americans, but for Egyptians escaping the hot summer, South Americans escaping their winter, and maharajas seeking the Riviera refinements. The cold-blooded Swedes have been down in tropical Italy, the English have been over attacking the pastry mountains in Switzerland, the Belgians have been in France, the Dutch have been in England.

By this month's end the traditional whistle will blow, and everyone will head back to his own half-acre. In many places in Europe the days will continue clear and fine, hotel rates will sink, the railroads will be offering low season rates, and a man on the move can wander at will without benefit of a fistful of notarized reservations. The handful of tourists who have been taking advantage of Europe in the fall have also been thrilled by the country festivals dripping with folklore, and by the wave of revitalization surging through the cities. Fall is the season of the new billboard announcing the new play, the new ballet. It is the new season in fashion worn by ladies who have bronzed all summer on the beach at Deauville, at Scheveningen, Alassio, and Lido Venice.

By month's end in Paris the *marron* venders will be sending the perfume of roasting chestnuts wafting under the nostrils of late lingerers at the sidewalk cafes. The seafood venders will be back at their stands outside the restaurants, fashioning displays of *huitres, clams, coquilles St. Jacques,* offset with garlands of lemons.

In Italy peace-seeking Italians will find tranquility up in the lake country. The vigorous will be sandwiching bicycling races, auto races, pigeon shoots, tennis tournaments in between the heat of the Italian summer and the uncertain days of winter. The Levante Fair at Bari, spanning nearly all of September, will as always, provide the link between Europe and the Near East, drawing exhibitors from Greece, Syria, Lebanon, and Egypt as well as the Continental countries to the West. Neapolitans, who need no excuse, will be singing early in September for the annual Piedigrotta, a competition for song writers which has produced such perennials as "Come Back to Sorrento," "O Sole Mio," and "Feniculi, Fenicula." Other Italians, and visitors as well, will be toning up for the winter at the spas—Salsomaggiore near Milan, Chianciano for liver trouble, Montecatini for anything that ails anybody, including gambler's itch. The season's first celebrity at Montecatini: Mrs. Winston Churchill, who is spending a month.

For another cure there is Italy's Merano, where in the fall visitors gather to eat a diet that is almost exclusively grapes while bands dressed up like musical-comedy middle-Europeans play at night in the public square and fireworks boom over the river. In many places the grape harvest comes in with the first crop of chestnuts, and it becomes convenient custom to eat roasted chestnuts washed down with sweet new wine, a preference of ladies. As a displaced Italian said with some nostalgia recently, "They think it has no kick and then when it starts to kick it is too late."

Over the border in Austria fall in Vienna means the start of a new musical season. In the provinces everything stops for Kirchetag when the farmers with time at last for a little frivolity come to the villages for a two-day fair. At night, while the kids slumber in makeshift beds, there is dancing in the streets and wine in the glasses. Sometime in the wee hours everyone climbs into the family hay wagon for the return trip and if the horse knows the way home they'll probably get there.

Doubtless the greatest celebration in Europe's beer belt is the annual Oktoberfest in Munich, which first began when a crown prince of Bavaria married a Saxon princess in October 1810. Despite its name, which would seem

IF one purpose of travel is understanding among peoples, that intimate insight which comes when different cultures rub elbows—and we believe it is—then fall is one of the most fruitful seasons the tourist can be in Europe. The Continent awakens and life resumes a richness of activity unsurpassed anywhere in the world. The torrent of tourists which engulfed every city and resort, exhausting accommodations, has ebbed. Europeans are at home again, with their house to themselves.

Fall is a time to see how Europe lives as well as plays. It is a time for the tourist which probably best exemplifies the aims of those twenty-one nations comprising the European Travel Commission, who conceive of travel not only as a major human activity and interest, but as a fundamental in the world today. The Commission illustrates its central purpose with the slogan, "Europe United in Furthering Friendship and Progress Through Travel." That is also *The Saturday Review's* interpretation of the function of the traveler. —W. D. P.

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FALL is festive and furious in Europe. Young pickers (left and right) gather grapes in Sicily, Bavarians celebrate against the mountains (below), and the Swiss erupt in Lugano's confetti-strewn Fête des Vindages (bottom center). In big cities like Paris (bottom left) and Geneva (bottom right), sign-swabbers paste up news that the world of music and theatre has revived. (Credits: center, Deutsche Zentrale für Fremdenverkehr; others, Horace Sutton.)

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inexorably to fix its date, the Oktoberfest this year will begin on September 20, extending, for the benefit of nomenclature anyway, until the 5th of Oktober.

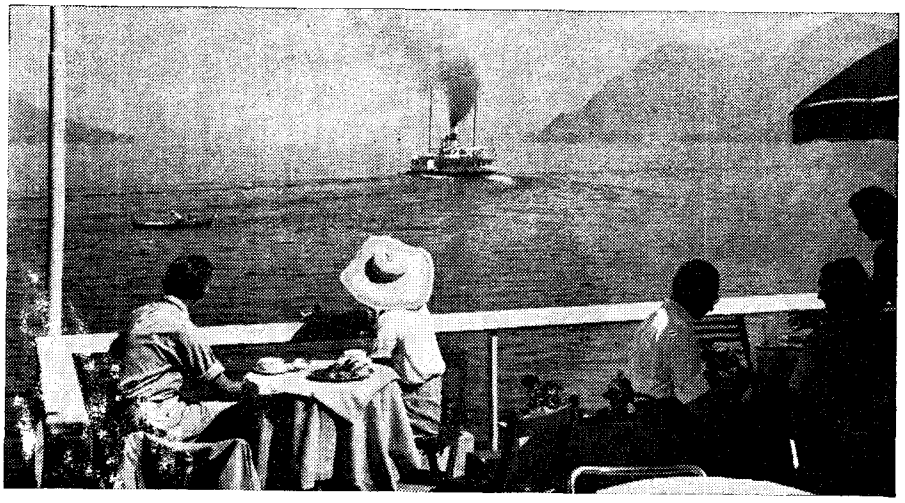
The Bavarian bust-up begins with a parade of the *festwirte,* festival hosts dressed up in native Bavarian costume, which is colorful in any season. The boys are given to black felt hats with bright green ribbons or bennies bedecked with huge fuzzy brushes. With the hat goes *lederhosen,* short leather pants worn with suspenders, long socks, a large paunch, and pink cheeks. The mode of conveyance is the brewery truck, a delicate wagon drawn by massive horses, combed and curried. Fancy bands play oompah music as the brewery wagons move to the *wies'n,* otherwise known as the fair-grounds.

Exactly at noon on opening day the beer barrels are tapped with wooden mallets, an operation that is performed with exact timing and great pageantry all over the *wies'n.* Once the corks are out the fun is on. Beer is sold only out of the barrel and in denominations no smaller than a liter, about a quart. To lubricate a successful Oktoberfest frequently requires a million and a half quarts of beer. In some tents you will find whole oxen roasting on a spit; sausages that are long, short, fat, slender, black, brown, or white; not to mention fried chickens and *steckelfisch,* which are fish broiled on a spit.

EVEN the stolid Swiss erupt in the fall. Lugano celebrates the arrival of the grape with a Fête des Vindages. Grandstands are set up along the lakeside road, and even before the floats come young girls run up and down the aisles with bags of confetti shouting *"Coriandole! Coriandole!* As the parade of rolling tableaux begins the reserved citizens rip open the bags and drench each other in a snowstorm of paper.

The northern part of the country, which is more businesslike, is satisfied with the annual Swiss Comptoir, a huge autumn exposition held in Lausanne in September.

Nor can the northern countries which grow no grapes and ferment no wine resist the festival of fall. Denmark is bursting with autumn flowers, reason enough for countrywide flower shows. Probably the fact that there have been twice as many Americans here than ever before (second in number of tourists to the neighboring Swedes) this summer accounts for the fact that Tivoli is staying open until September 15 for the first time in its 115-year history. Tivoli is an amusement park, refined and fastidious, bedded in magnificent flower gardens, serenaded by fine music, serviced by excellent restaurants. No Coney Island, it.



—*Horace Sutton.*

Stresa—". . . peace-seeking Italians find tranquility in the lake country."

Across the channel Britons are also priming for a full fall. There is London's theatre (see page 46). There is also the upcoming election of the Lord Mayor, due September 29. After a church ceremony a procession of officials winds on to the Guildhall, each alderman clutching a bunch of flowers. Then they all sit down in the Great Hall to vote. On Lord Mayor's Day, November 9 this year, the local Impellitteri is taken aboard a guilded coach to the Law Courts, where he is formally presented to the Lord Chief Justice to be sworn in. Four days earlier all Britain celebrates Guy Fawkes Day. Mr. Fawkes as you recall, led the Gunpowder Plot of 1605, an escapade designed to blow up the House of Lords. While some current Britons may *feel* like blowing up the House of Lords, they may satisfy themselves on Guy Fawkes Day by shooting off fireworks and lighting bonfires.

Although it's highly unlikely that a tourist would be shopping for a sheep or a Dartmoor pony, still a look at the Widdecombe Fair, where such activity is going on, will prove interesting. There is also the three-day Nottingham Goose Fair held the first Thursday of each year. For the Statute Fair at Stratford a fireplace is set up in the middle of main street and an ox is roasted whole. Ox, spiced ale of a secret recipe, and toast and cheese is passed out to the crowd.

The Scots will be having their highland gatherings early in September, tossing telephone poles, wrestling, and blowing bagpipes until flowers turn the color of heather. In between the competitions and skirling there will be sword dancing, highland flings, and eating.

Both Denmark and Sweden are gathering grounds for tuna fishermen in the fall. An international tuna derby is on the books for Heilsingborg August 25 to September 9. Otherwise the Swedes have wrapped up outdoor sports for the season, and beginning the end of August there are successive art exhibits at Stockholm, regular concerts from mid-September, opera and ballet at the Royal Opera House from the first of September until it is time to be summer again.

Spain, which has become as popular as a deb at her coming-out party, is still relatively inexpensive. Dinner with wine remains about $1.50 in a modest beanery, and no higher than $4.00 per person where it is elegant. Thirty-five new hotels opened in Spain this year. The autumn's big event is the November unveiling of the fancy Castellana-Hilton hotel in Madrid.

For all purposes the handiest hunk of Europe remains Ireland. With all the tourist rates pegged from United States airports to Shannon, one could sign up for the ride, get off at the first stop, and spend the autumn among the emerald hills. The hills and the towns enjoy a balmy fall and are chockful of sports events, fairs, horse-shows, symphonic concerts, operatic festivals, and racing meets, both auto and horse.

For those who just wanted to collapse on a beach after slaving over a hot city all summer there will be places from the Italian Riviera to Egypt that don't wake up until autumn comes in. The olive-shaded golf course at San Remo never opens in summer because the sun burns the links brown; and a man used to the temperatures of, say, Minneapolis would frizzle like a potato chip trying to look at the Sphinx in July. The fall is for such places, and when real winter comes one can always retreat to Sicily to bask in December in orange blossom, mimosa, and the vestiges of ancient Greece.

—HORACE SUTTON.

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AUTUMN'S CHARM AND GAIETY... For so many reasons Europe is lovely in the Fall. The weather is delightful, actually preferred by many... the Europeans are "at home", eager to be your hosts... the Social Season is starting, with hundreds of gala theatrical, artistic and cultural events for your entertainment and pleasure. Everywhere you'll sense the autumn charm that is Europe's own ... a thrilling vacation awaits you there this Fall!

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SR's World Calendar

EDITOR'S NOTE: *With this issue* The Saturday Review *inaugurates its* WORLD CALENDAR, *a new feature which will bring readers each month a selected listing of worthwhile attractions and events in the principal countries of the world. The Calendar will serve the interest of* Saturday Review *readers in cultural, folklore, musical, scientific, and trade events abroad. This calendar covers Europe for September, October and November.*

Austria

CONGRESS *(Sept. 1-9, Vienna):* Fourth International Anthropological, Ethnological congress.
MEETING *(Sept. 9-14, Vienna):* Third Austrian Mathematicians Congress, International Meeting.
EXHIBITION *(Sept.-Oct., Vienna):* Display of modern Christian art.
ART SHOW *(Nov.-Dec., Vienna):* Fall, Christmas exhibit of painting, sculpture.

Belgium

SINGING *(Sept. 7, Kemmel):* Festival sponsored by local music societies.
POETRY *(Sept. 12-16, Knokke):* First international biennial poetry conference.
CARILLON CONCERT *(Oct.-Dec., Bruges):* Presented on Saturdays, Sundays, Wednesdays, 11:45 A.M.-12:30 P.M.

Britain

ROYAL HIGHLAND GAMES *(Sept. 4, Braemar, Scotland):* (See box)
ART SHOW *(Sept. 5-29, London):* National exhibition of children's art, Royal Institute Galleries.
THREE CHOIRS FESTIVAL *(Sept. 7-12, Hereford, England):* (See box)
TOSCANINI *(Sept. 29-30, Oct. 1):* Arturo Toscanini conducts the Philharmonia Orchestra in three concerts at the Royal Festival Hall. Program will include all four Brahms symphonies.
FESTIVAL OF CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE (Oct. 6-10, *Cheltenham):* (See box)
NATIONAL GAELIC MOD *(Oct. 7-10, Rothesay, Scotland):* A festival of singing, dancing contests. Gaelic spoken throughout the proceedings.
ART SHOW *(Oct. 16-Nov. 8, London):* Exhibition by Society of Marine Artists, Guildhall.
INTERNATIONAL DANCE FESTIVAL *(Oct. 20-25, London):* (See box)
DRAMA FESTIVAL *(Oct. 20-25, Harrogate):* One- and three-act plays featured.
CONCERTS *(Oct. 25, Nov. 4, London):* London Symphony Orchestra at Royal Albert Hall. Sir Malcolm Sargent conducts on 26th; Charles Proctor conducts on 4th.
CONCERTS *(Oct. 26, Nov. 2, 6, 9, 23, 24, 28, London):* At Royal Festival Hall, South Bank.
GUY FAWKES' DAY *(Nov. 5, nationwide):* Bonfires in Edenbridge, Lewes, Rye.
LORD MAYOR'S SHOW *(Nov. 10, London):* Newly inaugurated Lord Mayor of London usually heads colorful traditional procession through old City of London.
LONDON THEATRE: Current Hits: "The Love of Four Colonels," a comedy by Peter Ustinov starring Peter Ustinov; "Under the Sycamore Tree," by Sam Spewack, comedy starring Alec Guinness, Diana Churchill (The Aldwych); "Call Me Madam," musical (Coliseum); "South Pacific," musical starring Mary Martin (Drury Lane); "The Young Elizabeth," drama (Criterion); "The Deep Blue Sea," by Terence Rattigan, drama starring Peggy Ashcroft (Duchess); "Meet Mr. Callaghan," by Peter Cheyney, suspense drama (Garrick); "Waters of the Moon," drama starring Edith Evans, Sybil Thorndike, Kathleen Harrison, Wendy Hiller (Haymarket); "The Innocents," drama based on Henry James's "The Turn of the Screw," starring Flora Robson (Her Majesty's); "The Millionairess," by Bernard Shaw, comedy starring Katharine Hepburn (New); "Relative Values," by Noel Coward, comedy starring Gladys Cooper (Savoy); "Winter Journey," drama starring Michael Redgrave (St. James's).

Denmark

SINGING, DANCING *(Sept. 1-May 30, Copenhagen):* Royal Theatre opera, ballet winter season.
LOOK AROUND DAY *(Sept. 6, Copenhagen):* Annual visiting day to public buildings, theatres, other places not usually open to visitors. Celebration climaxed by drawing for round trip to Far East on Danish ship, at Tivoli Gardens.
SEASON'S END *(Sept. 14, Copenhagen):* World-famous Tivoli amusement park closes.
CONGRESS *(Sept. 24-28, Copenhagen):* International Librarian Congress.

France

INTERNATIONAL MUSICAL FESTIVAL *(Sept. 4-14, Besancon):* (See box)
FOUNTAIN DISPLAY *(Sept. 7, Versailles):* World-famous fountains turned on in afternoon, night.
FILM FESTIVAL *(Sept. 7-13, Paris):* International congress of cultural, documentary films.
CONCERTS *(Sept. 7, 14, 21, 28, Sceaux):* Musical program in the Orangerie of the Chateau de Sceaux organized by the "Nuits de Sceaux."
GASTRONOMICAL FAIR *(Oct. 31-Nov. 16, Dijon):* Displays of food specialties of the region; a gourmet's paradise.
DRAMA, DANCE FESTIVAL *(Nov. 12-29, Charbonnieres).*
WINE FESTIVAL *(Nov. 17-19, Nuits-Saint-Georges, Beaune, and Meursault):* Three days of celebrations, one in each town, to glorify native Burgundy wine. Most important public festivities in Beaune, where wines are displayed, auctioned, sampled.

Germany

BERLIN FESTIVAL *(Sept. 1-30, Berlin):* (See box)
ART SHOW *(Sept. 1-Oct. 13, Wuerzburg):* "Franconia Sacra," exposition of Franconien art of early, high Middle Ages. Part of 1200th anniversary of Wuerzburg.
MUSIC CONTEST *(Sept. 2-27, Munich):* Competitions for musicians fifteen to thirty years of age.
FESTIVAL *(Sept. 6, St. Goar/Rhine):* "The Rhine Aflame"—giant illumination and fireworks in St. Goar and St. Goarshausen.
SHEPHERDS' DAY *(Sept. 6, 7, Dinkelsbuehl):* Bavarian shepherds celebrate with pageant, sword dance, guild dances.
OCTOBER FESTIVAL *(Sept. 20-Oct. 5, Munich):* (See box)
GRAPE FESTIVAL *(Oct. 5-12, Neustadt/Weinstrasse):* German wine harvest celebration; election of German wine queen.

Ireland

CULTURAL ATHLETIC MEET *(Oct. 11, 17, 18, 19, Dublin):* Choral contests on 11th; drama festival, 17th, 18th; hurling match, 19th.
MUSIC, ARTS FESTIVAL *(Oct. 26-Nov. 2, Wexford):* Opera, symphony concerts, recitals, exhibitions, drama, films, lectures.
FEIS *(Nov. 15-18, Galway):* A festival of music.
SYMPHONY CONCERT *(Nov. 26, Dublin):* Local orchestral players' public concert in Mansion House.

Italy

MUSIC *(Sept., Bergamo):* Autumn Festival of opera at Donizetti Theatre.
PHOTO SHOW *(Sept., Bologna):* International exhibition of photographic technique, portraits.
ART SHOW *(Sept. 1-30, Salerno):* Third National Biennial Art Exhibition.
ART SHOW *(Sept. 1-30, Venice):* Twenty-sixth International Biennial Art Exhibition. (See box)
FILM FESTIVAL *(Sept. 1-12, Venice):* (See box)
PIANO COMPETITION *(Sept. 1-6, Bolzano):* Ferruccio Busoni international prize for pianists.
CONCERTS *(Sept. 6, 13, 20, 27, Como):* Musical Saturdays at Villa Carlotta.
FESTIVAL *(Sept. 7, 8, Naples):* Feast of Piedigrotta, important annual event.
WATER PAGEANT *(Sept. 7, Venice):* Historical regatta on the Grand Canal.
MODERN MUSIC *(Sept. 8-18, Venice):* Americans, Europeans take part in fifteenth festival of contemporary music.
MUSICAL WEEK *(Sept. 15-21, Siena):* Programs of classical music.
TOSCANINI *(Sept. 20-21, Milan):* Arturo Toscanini, in one of his rare concerts at La Scala Opera House, conducts La Scala's orchestra in a program of symphonic and operatic works.
MUSIC *(Oct.-Nov., Milan):* Autumn concert season at La Scala Theatre.
DRAMATICS *(Oct. 1-5, Venice):* Thirteenth International Theatre Festival.
MUSIC CONTESTS *(Oct. 15-31, Vercelli):* Third international competition of music, singing.
MUSIC *(Nov., Palermo):* Autumn opera, concert season at the Politeama.

Netherlands

EXHIBITION *(Sept.-Oct., Arnhem):* Display of Dutch folklore at open-air museum.
FLOWER DISPLAY *(Sept. 4-9, The Hague):* Gardens in bloom turn The Hague into a sea of flowers.
OPENING OF PARLIAMENT *(Sept. 16, The Hague):* H.M. Queen Juliana rides to opening in golden coach.

Spain

MUSICAL FESTIVAL *(Sept. 6-20, San Sebastian):* (See box)
FIESTA *(Sept. 8, Tordesillas):* Cape-fighting of a bull in the main square featured. Bull is later turned loose in the country, fought to death by horsemen with lances.
WINE HARVEST FESTIVAL *(Sept. 13-16, Jerez de la Frontera).*
FESTIVAL OF SANTA TECLA *(Sept. 23, Tarragona):* Folklore rally; regional dances.
FESTIVAL OF ST. COSMO *(Sept. 27, 28, Covarrubian):* The "Chospona," wheel-dance, featured.
OPERA *(Nov. 25-Feb. 8, Barcelona):* Opening of opera season at Teatro del Liceo.

Switzerland

CONCERTS *(Sept.-Oct., Montreaux):* Music festival and opera series.
DRAMA *(Sept 7, 14, 28, Altdorf):* Friedrich Schiller's famous dramatization of the William Tell legend performed by local citizens.
ART EXHIBIT *(Sept. 7, Neuchatel):* Demonstration of Jaquet-Droz automatons at Art Museum.
MUSIC *(Sept. 7, 27, 28, Baden Spa): Concerts* at Wettingen Abbey.
AMERICAN ART, MUSIC WEEKS *(Oct. 11-21, Basel):* Exhibits, theatre performances, concerts, featuring works by Americans. American painting, sculpture at Art Gallery, Oct.-Nov.

—ROBERT MEYER, JR.

Further information about these or other overseas events may be obtained by writing World Calendar, The Saturday Review, 25 West 45th St., New York 36, N. Y.

Ten Top Events

BERLIN FESTIVAL *(Sept. 1-30, Berlin):* American company of "Porgy and Bess," N. Y. City Center Ballet, Sadler's Wells Ballet, Royal Ballet of Stockholm, Hamburg State Opera.

BIENNIAL ART EXHIBITION *(Sept. 1-30, Venice):* Twenty-sixth international show.

FILM FESTIVAL *(Sept. 1-12, Venice):* 13th international competition.

MUSIC FESTIVAL *(Sept. 4-14, Besancon, France):* Five symphony concerts conducted by Ansermet, Barbirolli, Benzi, Furtwangler; one spiritual concert; four recitals, two masses, three operas, one performance of "Hernani."

ROYAL HIGHLAND GAMES *(Sept. 4, Braemar, Scotland):* Greatest of the highland games featuring piping, dancing, wrestling, tossing the caber, running, vaulting, leaping. Royalty attends.

MUSICAL FESTIVAL *(Sept. 6-20, San Sebastian, Spain):* Ballet de Janine Charrat; Mario Filippeschi, tenor; Rosario and Antonio, and Mariemma, dancers; Philharmonic Orchestra of Bordeaux.

THREE CHOIRS FESTIVAL *(Sept. 7-12, Hereford, England):* 225th annual concert. Believed to be oldest choral festival in Europe. Choirs from Gloucester, Worcester, Hereford will sing Brahms' "Requiem," Haydn's "Creation," Bach's "St. Matthew Passion," Handel's "Messiah."

OCTOBER FESTIVAL *(Sept. 20-Oct. 5, Munich):* Picturesque ceremonials, folk dances, singing; wide variety of colorful native costumes in the crowd.

FESTIVAL OF CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE *(Oct. 6-10, Cheltenham, England):* 4th annual exhibition of books, lectures by authors, and play and poetry readings in Town Hall.

INTERNATIONAL DANCE FESTIVAL *(Oct. 20-25, London):* One of the most enthusiastic expressions of folk dancing, singing anywhere. In Royal Albert Hall.

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How Men Become Gods

ALEXIS LICHINE

SINCE the mythological time of the reveling god of Wine, Bacchus, the first rich flow of grapejuice from under the presses has been a signal for merrymaking all over the fun-loving countries of the world. A year of hard labor has passed, and the harvest begins. Peasant and landowner are one and the same. It is time for relaxing and for laughter. It is the time for a wine festival.

Hundreds of years before the birth of Christ, the festivals of Athens were legendary. The imaginative Athenians gave a taste of the theatre to their Feast of the Wine Vats (or Lenaca) and included a sacrifice, and held dramatic contests.

In France, the tradition of festival has increased. Wine is the national industry, and the 1,800,000 growers recognize the symbol of rejoicing. Not only the winegrowers themselves, but the butcher, the baker, the candlestick-maker are all dependent on the harvest. It's the time for colorful dress, for the display of tradition. Even if there is much work still to be done inside the vat rooms and in the cellars, it is everybody's harvest, and life draws to a temporary halt until the new year, when the vineyards will again demand attention.

Burgundy

Three hours by train from Paris is Dijon, the capital of Burgundy and famous for its dukes, mustard, and black currant cordial. It is also a stopover for tourists bound for the golden sun of the Riviera. From the southern suburbs of Dijon begins a narrow strip of vineyards known as the Côte d'Or where names read like a Who's Who of the Wine World.

This year, Burgundy expects to celebrate Vine Day in Dijon on September 17. The celebration will be held inside an old abbey recently opened for tourists, as a place for tasting.

On the eighteenth of October, in the 500-year-old Clos Vougeot, built by Cistercian monks, the Chevaliers du Tastevin, the Burgundian promotional organization, will hold a vine harvest dinner, with medieval splendor and ceremony. Flowing carmen robes with an ermine trim and the traditional tasting cups hanging from orange ribbons add to the color.

The best known wine event in Burgundy is a three day celebration known as the *Trois Glorieuses*, built around the auction at the Hospices de Beaune on November 18. Fifty years before Columbus discovered America, a penitent finance minister of one of the Dukes of Burgundy founded this hospital. He donated vineyards to this charitable institution. Many have followed suit since then. The sale of the wine from these vineyards has cared for the sick and the poor of the Hospices ever since. On the day preceding the auction, you will see in Nuits-St. Georges all Burgundians in a long procession that will be led by local dignitaries vested in their dark red robes, followed by the clergy chanting the wine songs of Burgundy.

A dinner at Vougeot on the night of the seventeenth, and one in the white wine producing village of Meursault on the nineteenth round out this event.

PARIS, the queen of them all, not to be outdone, has its own tiny vineyard . . . though only a tiny speck huddled behind the Sacré Coeur Cathedral in the Montmartre. The independent township of Montmartre, famous as an artists' colony, promises to have more wine consumed during its rowdy October celebration than is

(*Continued on page 48*)

Alexis Lichine, the author of "Wines of France," is a wine merchant and the owner of vineyards in Burgundy and Bordeaux.

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Theatre in Londonese

IVOR BROWN

LONDON.

THE chief event of the autumn season in the London theatre will be the production at the Phoenix Theatre (in the second week of September) of "Quadrille" by Noel Coward, written for and, of course, played by the Lunts. Coward himself directs and Cecil Beaton decorates. Whatever the textual merits, such casting insures a box-office scramble. Coward's other piece, "Relative Values," is fairly certain to be running on at the Savoy, where it has proved extremely popular. It is a comparatively old-fashioned connivance of high comedy about life in the kind of English country house where there is still a butler; he is one of those traditional magnificoes of the servants' hall who serve up their own wit with their masters' sherry and on whom dramatists have been depending since the Roman butler-slave Davus mixed his own impudence with his owner's Falernian. Gladys Cooper, as queen of a Home County castle, radiates charmingly.

Along with two Coward offerings there will be the Terence Rattigan piece called "The Deep Blue Sea," which sounds nautical and breezy but gets no nearer to ocean or ozone than the Regent's Park Canal and a strong smell of gas. The bored wife of a stodgy High Court judge goes a-courting on a lower social level, but even the ex-airman, from whom she expects more satisfaction, does not satisfy, since he has not the aptitude for consoling forlorn ladies and much prefers whiskey with his buddies. So she hesitates between a gas-oven finish or further experiment in living—this time with a refugee doctor. This is somber Rattigan, but it is also superb Peggy Ashcroft; no play in which she is suicidally playing with a gas-jet could fail to ignite a flame of genuine tragedy. While she is on vacation Celia Johnson will take over the lady's sadly unsatisfied desires and fortunately unsatisfied death-wish and she too can be relied upon for a grand performance on the heart-strings. Relief in this piece (at the Duchess Theatre) comes from the airman and his male company; here is the lighter Rattigan touch and brilliantly it is administered.

The emphasis in London at present is far more on performance than on writing. Not even the most ardent Shavian would make large claims for "The Millionairess" (New Theatre), but Katharine Hepburn has come blazing in to make a damp squib seem like a gala fireworks show. One long-running success has been achieved at the Haymarket by a little-known dramatist, N. C. Hunter. Like Terence Rattigan, he uses an aqueous and irrelevant title, "Waters of the Moon"; the scene is a country hotel in which incompatibles endure wintry confinement and forced company. Young love and old bickering are mingled and all goes triumphantly on these familiar lines because Edith Evans is in her grandest manner as a wealthy intruder while Sybil Thorndyke is magnificent as a resident gentlewoman resenting such invasive grandeur in the parlor. Add Wendy Hiller as the landlady and there is a cast which would carry any such comedy of fireside hostilities. A play that would do quite nicely has been given a cast which would make anything look twice its proper size.

It is the same with the Spewack insect-play, "Under the Sycamore Tree" (Aldwych). The text was found by the London critics to be adequately amusing in the satirical-fantastical line. What lifted it to very great popularity was the entrance of the creepy-crawly world by Alec Guinness, whose dry comedy was never more spritely and versatile. Americans will know all about the Odets tale of the alcoholic actor, "The Country Girl," being exhibited at the St. James as "Winter Journey," in which Sam Wanamaker partners Michael Redgrave and Googie Withers in what I felt to be a somewhat "ham" play about a "ham." But these players did another job of making a piece seem much larger than itself and so it may well bear a renewed visit by the American visitor.

Peter Ustinov is a host in himself in "The Love of Four Colonels" (Wyndham's). He has written the text of this whimsy about a fairy-tale life in occupied Austria, and he himself goes gamboling through it and down the centuries in a series of charades which allow the cast to go Tudor, Restora-

Ivor Brown was for years drama critic of the London Observer. *He is the author of "A Word in Your Ear."*

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tion, Chekhovian, and modern
ample opportunities of clownin
pastiche. It is not a piece that
make its mark on the literature of
theatre; no harm in that, since no
high purpose was intended. C
again the script is for the actors, n
the actors for the script.

Perhaps the contributions of
Edinburgh Festival will put
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"The River Line" v
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historical-poetical a
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Color and costume and
line for him.

The season at Stratford-
continues until the begin
vember. Does one go th
Shakespeare or the stars? If
latter reason there may be a d
pointment, since Sir Ralph Richa
son chose to celebrate his welcome appearance in Warwickshire by enacting Prospero, that tedious conjuror who never brought the magic out of an actor yet. He then essayed Macbeth, for whose immersion in villainy this grandest of our Falstaffs was found by the critics to be wrong in look and temper. His "Volpone" is to be added and Ben Jonson may well slip him his trump card to strengthen a hand so far failing to score. A good choice for those who make the journey to Stratford would be "As You Like It," exquisitely decorated in scene by the Motleys and in person by Margaret Leighton's Rosalind.

At the Old Vic, whose productions have recently been under fire, a new and challenging season opens in September after a contribution to the Edinburgh Festival. "Romeo and Juliet" provides the Shakespearean start and a little beauty called Clare Bloom, who recently made the headlines as Charlie Chaplin's choice to lead with him in his new film, will tackle the girl-heroine of Verona. This part has always afflicted the performer by requiring first the voice of innocent fourteen and then all the vocal range of a major rhetorician. Miss Bloom is courageous. A clever young actor, Alan Badel, will play Romeo; I should have thought him better cast as Mercutio, but he may pull off the star-crossed lover; one hopes so, for Vic needs a stimulant after its recent loss of status and esteem.

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—*French Government Tourist Office*

evin—"the symbol of rejoicing."

...ıup,
...e sound
...nouncing to the populace the birth of this new wine. In the large, cool *Bodegas*, prizes are given to poets, and workmen are likewise rewarded for their efforts. The festival ends typically, with bullfights and fireworks fill the sky at night.

Portugal

Across the border in Portugal, many colorful festivals or *ferias* are held in the north. The scene glitters with people in their native dress, and the rich tang of Port wine for which Oporto is famous leaves you groggy. A sleepy little town called Penafiel, ..., has an annual festival ... for three days, beginning the ...th of November. Invitations to these feasts may be obtained from the Port Wine Association in Oporto.

Germany

The Moselle country of Germany is perhaps the most picturesque of all the wine countries. In Bérncastel, along the snake-winding Moselle between Trier and Coblentz, a great wine festival is held on the first Sunday of September. The fountain in the town square gives forth wine instead of water to the delight of the citizens and the visitors from near and far.

Also in the Fall is the Wurstmarkt, or sausage festival, in Duerkheim, in the Palatinate. This is one of the great festivals of Germany. The outskirts of the town are almost invisible, densely packed with the tents of the small winegrowers who are there to offer the wines produced on their lands.

There is the Oktoberfest in Munich, and the Unterhaardt Wine Competition in the beginning of October in Gruenstadt. Wherever it may be you join with the peasant growers in drinking the new wine, its yet undeveloped qualities will usually make you feel much the worse for your enthusiasm.

Austria

Viennese songs and the drinking of new wines are practically synonymous in most people's minds. Kloster Neuburg, one of Austria's largest and richest abbeys, dominates the way into Vienna and the famous Blue Danube can be seen dotted by bathing and boating resorts frequented by the gay Viennese. Its straw-colored wine can be sampled in the course of sightseeing, since the monastery maintains a popular wine restaurant. This monastery also possesses one of the world's largest barrels, occupying a building of its own. To climb a ladder and slide down this barrel is considered to give you good luck, and everyone tries it. Austrians will be with you on this for they feel that dignity in such a case is in slightly bad taste. Incidentally, the Fasselrutschen (Barrel sliding) at Kloster Neuburg in late fall is part of Austria's most famed vintage festival.

Italy

Italy's two festivities get underway in September, and the first festival of the grape occurs on the fourteenth at Acireale in Catania. The same month will see *festas* in Bagni di Casciana (Pisa), Conegliano (Treviso), in Masserano (Vercelli), in Partinico (Palermo), and in Piacenza. October will

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have celebrations in Viverone (Vercelli), in Accumoli (Rieti), in Marino (Rome), and in Soave (Verona). All of the Italian celebrations are colorful and largely traditional with processions, ceremonies outside of the churches, blessing of the grapes, and the like.

Switzerland

On the fourth and fifth of October, the Neuchatel Festival boasts of a great procession along its lake front. On October 5, Lugano claims to hold the largest Swiss festival with processions and public dancing.

* * *

Wine is created for pleasure. But not only the people who love by wine, but the people who live by wine, together, join in its praise. So they put on their most colorful dress, slick down their hair and dance and sing in the streets, in the hills and in their homes. The new wine is drunk with joyous abandon and the spirit of "Festival" is everywhere, knowing no boundaries. But be this your first festival be wary. Young wine may heighten your senses, but leave you weak and wobbly to face the next day's activities.

Frame for a French Family

By Mary Ballard Duryee

NEAR a pink house above the sea
Stone pine and palm in studied green
Stand waiting and the ring doves preen
On tiptoe in the ilex tree.
Just as the chimes ring ten o'clock
They always come to view the bay—
Red-bearded père, petite bébé,
Mamma in figured muslin frock;
Small tidy Max brings Fifi wearing
A bow upon her poodle's tail—
Pet of a family always caring
For stylish touches, rich apparel
And politesse—they never quarrel.

Having sampled sun and air,
Calculated the day's delights,
Settled upon a picnic where
The carriage travels to the heights,
Voices grow fainter in the grove,
The gay procession is withdrawn—
The picture lost—the moment gone
That held a bright account of love.
Now sunlight caught in curling vines
Shimmers where the willow grieves
And opal doves dispel their sorrow
Under the burnished olive leaves—
Talking of ten o'clock tomorrow.

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(Continued on page 50)

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By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Ponderous; momentous.	165 3 12 144 138 178 108
B. The common title of honor in Persia.	11 169 110 154 134
C. Mines in Quebec, Canada, producing 85% of the world's supply of asbestos.	40 7 22 118 5 1 145 117
D. A rectangular cloak draped over the left shoulder (Gr. antiq.).	21 166 88 143 89 28 4 95
E. A craving in body or mind.	131 101 123 45 35 14 179 74
F. Dainties; choice viands.	173 139 69 8 29
G. Dutch philologist, forerunner of Jacob Grimm, author of several books (1674-1731).	168 128 43 54
H. An open-shelved cabinet (Fr.).	50 120 149 82 152 176 116
I. An important coniferous timber tree of California, found only in the Coast Range.	100 153 39 184 94 65 85
J. The berry of a tree, *Pimenta officinalis*, in the W. Indies.	172 92 127 135 109 31 62 180
K. A pack of phantom dogs, the transmigrated souls of unbaptized children, in pursuit of a lady (Eng. folklore).	68 122 20 49 90 124 87 114 182 170
L. An engraving or incised figure in stone or other hard material.	80 2 53 147 160 106 64 119
M. River in Italy that flows into the Tiber.	151 91 163 156

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
N. Sahidic.	48 121 171 67 164 96 78
O. Appellation of a sweetheart of Robert Burns, to whom he wrote beautiful poems.	161 71 130 174 76 105 66 30
P. Norwegian mariner who discovered Vinland, c-1000.	133 24 136 157 72 183 81
Q. Not made ready beforehand.	104 181 125 60 25 98 34 16 113 142
R. Tragedy, 1910, by Masefield.	167 15 148
S. Bigoted.	177 185 58 141 107 155 73 10 46 115
T. A President of the United States.	56 61 19 103
U. Actual being (Latin).	38 17 112 77
V. Money; cash (slang).	47 146 126 137 37
W. A proverb; a maxim.	32 42 175
X. English physicist, awarded the Nobel prize, 1906.	44 70 18 83 55 162 140
Y. A small venomous snake of Egypt, the one Cleopatra used to commit suicide.	57 27 33
Z. All; entire (musical direction; It.).	6 159 59 79 41
Z^1. Easy; smooth.	84 9 75 158 129 63 51 99 26 97
Z^2. To give particulars of.	150 23 102 36 86 52 13 93 132 111

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).

■	■	■	■	■	■	■	1 C	2 L	3 A	■	4 D	5 C	■	6 Z	7 C	8 F	■	9 Z^1
10 S	11 B	12 A	13 Z^2	14 E	15 R	16 Q	17 U	■	18 X	19 T	■	20 K	21 D	22 C	■	23 Z^2
24 P	25 Q	26 Z^1	27 Y	■	28 D	29 F	■	30 O	31 J	32 W	33 Y	34 Q	35 E	36 Z^2	37 V	38 U
39 I	■	40 C	41 Z	■	42 W	43 G	44 X	45 E	46 S	47 V	■	48 N	49 K	50 H	■	51 Z^1
52 Z^2	53 L	54 G	55 X	56 T	■	57 Y	58 S	59 Z	60 Q	61 T	62 J	63 Z^1	64 L	65 I	66 O	■
67 N	68 K	■	69 F	70 X	71 O	72 P	■	73 S	74 E	75 Z^1	76 O	77 U	78 N	79 Z	80 L	81 P
82 H	■	83 X	84 Z^1	85 I	86 Z^2	87 K	88 D	■	89 D	90 K	91 M	■	92 J	93 Z^2	94 I	95 D
■	96 N	97 Z^1	■	98 Q	99 Z^1	100 I	101 E	102 Z^2	103 T	104 Q	105 O	106 L	107 S	108 A	■	109 J
110 B	111 Z^2	112 U	113 Q	114 K	115 S	116 H	117 C	■	118 C	119 L	■	120 H	121 N	122 K	■	123 E
124 K	125 Q	126 V	127 J	128 G	129 Z^1	■	130 O	131 E	132 Z^2	133 P	■	134 B	■	135 J	136 P	137 V
138 A	■	139 F	■	140 X	141 S	142 Q	■	143 D	■	144 A	145 C	146 V	147 L	148 R	■	149 H
■	150 Z^2	151 M	152 H	153 I	154 B	155 S	■	156 M	■	157 P	158 Z^1	159 Z	160 L	161 O	■	162 X
163 M	■	164 N	■	165 A	166 D	167 R	168 G	■	169 B	170 K	■	171 N	172 J	173 F	174 O	■
175 W	176 H	177 S	178 A	179 E	180 J	181 Q	■	182 K	183 P	184 I	185 S	■	■	■	■	■

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 5 of this issue.

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